

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SIXPENCE.



KING EDWARD VII. AT COPENHAGEN: HIS MAJESTY RECEIVING THE DANISH DEPUTATION IN THE KING'S PALACE.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT COPENHAGEN.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The lamented death of Mr. McKinley leaves to his country, and to the world at large, small consolation save the thought of his manly dignity and fortitude. Of him it may be truly said that nothing in his life became him so well as his manner of leaving it. But this cannot blind us to the irony of such an end. For a time science appeared to have saved him, and people began to see even a kind of humour in the disappointment of the assassin. But a much grimmer humour presided over the affair. The confident surgeons believed that a few weeks of careful nursing would restore the patient to his normal health; never suspecting that the bullet they could not find was causing gangrene. Thus the Anarchist has the double satisfaction of achieving his object and of seeing the world suffer the chagrin of cheated hopes. He has struck an even more cruel blow than he purposed. It needs only a little imagination and some understanding of the Anarchist mind to perceive that this victory will compensate such a criminal for any penalty he may have to undergo.

There is pathos in some of the efforts to explain this tragedy. A correspondent of the *Times* intimates that it is all the fault of our speculative philosophy. The philosophers, he says, give Anarchism a logical, and even a moral, basis by rejecting obligations to the supernatural. The Anarchist is taught that the universe had a purely material origin, and therefore he considers himself absolved from all social duties. This theory is hopelessly wide of the mark, because there is no reason to suppose that Anarchism has anything to do with disputes about the origin of the universe. It is the offspring of revolt against the social system, and it would be just as rabid if speculative philosophy had never written a line. In no age has religious faith reconciled the Have-Nots to the unequal distribution of wealth. In a country where the organisation of the largest capital by the ablest brains concentrates the best of worldly goods in the hands of a few, the most extreme forms of discontent are sure to be most conspicuous. President Roosevelt recognised this in the days when it was his ambition to be a literary and philosophical student. The group of problems which we designate by the general name of the labour problem, he said, must always constitute the chief difficulty of statesmanship. No conceivable solution of this problem can give every man the opportunity of enriching himself, or prevent any man from becoming richer than his fellows. Perception of this rudimentary truth has led sober-minded Socialists to the conclusion that the utmost they can expect is the extension of municipal Socialism, and the amelioration of poverty by the creation of a legal standard of education and wages. But even if this ideal can be achieved, the Anarchist will continue to shoot, and will spare the municipal Socialist no more than the "tyrant."

Herr Most, who has been prosecuted in New York for publishing a general exhortation to the murder of rulers, is an old acquaintance of the London police. He carried on his obscure little print, the *Freiheit*, about twenty years ago, until the murder of the Czar Alexander II. prompted him to indulge in that favourite exhortation. This attracted the notice of the Home Office, and Herr Most's labours in London were summarily ended, greatly to the indignation, I remember, of some academic persons. They abhorred the doctrines of the Anarchist, but argued that to suppress Most was to interfere with the freedom of the Press and to give him an unwholesome advertisement. He is enjoying that distinction again under precisely similar conditions, and claims immunity on the ground that his exhortation to murder is an article borrowed from a revolutionary fanatic of 1848. The plea that Anarchism in this form should be tolerated, and even honoured as if it were an ancient monument or an old ballad, suggests that Most is a bit of a humorist and not much of a plotter. But I fear that even humorists must sometimes fall into the clutches of the law.

When the war is over, somebody ought to compile its imaginative literature. He will find abundant material in the Boer despatches. Here is Commandant Liebenberg informing Delarey that France has blockaded the Channel, that Russia is bombarding the Cape harbours, and that "the thunder of the judgment of God" is about to burst upon "mighty England." The ingenious Commandant remarks that this kind of news is very stimulating to his burghers, and begs Delarey to send him a similar budget. I like to picture these stout warriors, who have discovered that the pen is mightier than the Mauser, vying with one another in the composition of "penny dreadfuls" to keep up the fighting spirit. What did Delarey write to Liebenberg? Probably something in this strain: "England is now a Republic. A meeting at the Queen's Hall put an end to the monarchy, and Mr. Stead was unanimously elected President. His first step was to

recall Kitchener, and appoint Lloyd-George Commander-in-Chief for the purpose of making peace on any terms we propose. Milner is banished to the North Pole. President Stead has invited Mr. Kruger to Windsor Castle, and the House of Commons will be asked to vote King Edward's Civil List to our aged chief as a compensation for his sufferings. The British Constitution is to be amended so as to make it impossible for England to engage in hostilities with any smaller Power. So we can take Cape Colony at our leisure."

Is this any more extravagant than the war news that circulates on the Continent? The chief Hungarian journal has a special correspondent at Pretoria, who says that the Boers are masters of the situation. They knock at the door of a blockhouse, and threaten to blow it open with dynamite, whereupon the garrison surrenders. When the British troops summon courage enough to march, it is always in a direction remote from the enemy. Twenty-three Boers captured a town, and the defenders, numbering four hundred, hid themselves, leaving the women and children to face the conquerors. According to some German papers, the chief delight of Tommy Atkins is to bayonet a baby; and according to American chronicles, we are murdering the Boer women and children by "starvation and exposure" because this method is less disagreeable to our fine feelings than shedding their blood. As a fabulist, Liebenberg has rivals, and he and they must be incensed by the action of the Boer lieutenant who visited Middelburg under a safe-conduct to inspect the refugee camp. No restriction was placed upon his conferences with the Boer women, who admitted that they were kindly treated. Will Lieutenant Malan frame his report to the burghers in the style of Mr. Stead, or will he risk an accusation of treason by giving a little credit to British humanity?

The imports of tobacco have risen to eighty-four million pounds a year, indicating a consumption of more than two pounds per head of the population. Whenever you see a baby in arms, you may know that he or she is entitled by statistics to that average of narcotic refreshment. I wonder that baby-clothes are not searched by the *douaniers* at Calais and Ostend. In the eyes of the modern infant you may detect a knowing twinkle. It is because he is accustomed to travel with at least two pounds of tobacco in canisters labelled "Baby's Food." Have you never observed that when the sergeant is gossiping with the nursery-maid, the baby quietly abstracts his cheroot, and puffs placidly away, indifferent to the flirtation? So far, I have never seen a baby taking snuff, and there seems no ground for the apprehension that this practice will be revived by a younger generation. Snuff went out with the bandanna handkerchief. I do not know who invented white pocket-handkerchiefs; but he struck a fatal blow at the snuff-manufacture. Snuff-boxes are relics in old clubs, and in parts of the Highlands, I fancy, if you came across Roderick Dhu, he would take a huge pinch, and express his contempt for the degenerate nose of the Sassenach. The wooden Highlander who used to stand outside the tobacconist's shop made it plain by his martial air that he was of that way of thinking.

Last week the necessities of space abbreviated my impressions of Bruges, leaving me in a penitential attitude beneath the Belfry. There is a public spirit here that I cannot sufficiently extol. The town has a reverent regard for its ancient monuments, and when the hand of time presses too heavily upon them they are carefully restored by true municipal piety. In one house dwells an artist whose family have lived there for more than three centuries, and he has done his best to make the exterior a replica of the picturesque original. In such an atmosphere who could be a Vandal? I behold a statue, and lo! it is one of the Van Eycks, who invented painting in oils. "Before that, they used white of egg," explains my polite young flyman, who has evidently studied the subject. There are zealous artists everywhere, sketching gateways and bridges, and the exquisite bits of perspective that take you by surprise on the old canal. "In two years more we shall have the sea-canal," says my flyman exultantly. Bother the sea-canal! Bother all the mechanical wonders, and give me the enchanting peace of this grove of elms, enclosed by a nunnery and its chapel! Instead of a gloomy convent, the nuns have a row of charming little houses, where they live in secular simplicity like so many charitable old maids, and repair to the chapel when they have a mind for devotions. I peep in there and see them in prim array, with flapping white caps and gentle indifference to the intruding heretic. With a fine sense of contrast my flyman transports me straight to No. 2, Rue des Blanchisseurs, the Artists' Club, and the house of Peter Paul Rubens. Here I see Peter Paul's original chair, and taste the most excellent beer that he quaffed mightily; and on the green behind the building my flyman shows me how Peter Paul played bowls. Heaven send that I may often drink again to his immortal memory in the shrine where it is a tangible and comfortable presence!

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE UNDERCURRENT," AT THE CRITERION.

"The Undercurrent" (the title is explained to mean woman) may, when relieved of much superfluous, if witty, dialogue, furnish amusing entertainment; but it is not a play—much less, as officially described, a comedy, though its author, Mr. Carton, has arranged his mixture of high life and middle-aged love "as before." Quite half of the action of the new Criterion piece is occupied with the hackneyed fooleries of amateur theatricals, wherein, however, Messrs. Arthur Williams and Hendrie, as an illiterate millionaire and a peppery Colonel, forced into uncomfortable association, provide capital sport. The rest is an amazingly flimsy melodrama, with an ugly theme and an unsympathetic heroine. An Austrian Countess this latter, evidently a *blasé* Baronet's predestined bride, who would marry him to an American heiress, and frees him from an entanglement by threatening to reveal a secret of the guilty married lady's career. That, literally, is the whole of Mr. Carton's scheme, and unfortunately the meeting of the two women, which might have been a theatrically effective scene, is mishandled by the dramatist and his chief interpreter—not by Miss Violet Vanbrugh, who does her best with the melodramatic character of the erring wife, but by Miss Compton, who, miscast for once as the Countess, instead of showing strong emotion, preserves her customary imperturbability and an exasperating foreign accent. As for Mr. Bouchier, his part of the Baronet is only that of a walking gentleman; but throughout, Mr. Carton's characterisation is conventional, and his conversations unindividualised. Even his sketches of the American girl, played spiritedly by Miss Anna Robinson, and Uncle Josh, the millionaire, seem obvious caricatures. Still, the jests of these and the other "amateurs" provoke such constant laughter that there may really be a future for Mr. Carton's latest "comedy"—as farce.

"ARE YOU A MASON?" AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

There is enough ingenuity and fun in the German-American farce "Are You a Mason?" to fit out three ordinary specimens of its class, and the new Shaftesbury play contains a second act which on its production was punctuated with peals of uproarious mirth, so cleverly is one diverting situation piled on another, so rapidly does one distracting imbroglio follow its only less laughable predecessor. The central idea conceives two husbands, father and son-in-law, both pretending independently to be Freemasons in order to explain late hours, meeting, therefore, in mutual alarm, and then suddenly confronted with a real Mason. That might seem sufficient material, but there is more provided by a blackmailing actor, a Catholic servant, a rustic would-be Mason bidden to perform preposterous tasks, and a friend of the young hero's who dresses up *à la* "Charley's Aunt" as the daughter of Angelina, the heroine of the older sham Mason's one youthful indiscretion. The riot of absurdity produced by these various threads of intrigue, especially when Mr. George Giddens plays the elder impostor, Mr. Paul Arthur is the female impersonator, and clever comedians like Mr. Kinghorn, Mr. Day, Mr. Marsh Allen, and Miss Marie Illington are working with irresistible spirit, is so maddeningly furious as to be indescribable. Perhaps the steps by which the authors, Herren Laufs and Kratz, develop and resolve their tangle are somewhat slow, but they naturally avoid driving their audience into an apoplexy.

"THE ELDER MISS BLOSSOM," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

The Kendals could hardly have resumed the run of a play more certain of achieving renewed popularity than "The Elder Miss Blossom." True, the mistake whereon the great misconception of Messrs. Hendrie and Wood's comedy is based—a confusion of names which leads an "old maid" to take to herself the love inspired by her niece—is never rendered more than desperately improbable. True, too, the comic relief of the piece—the young clergyman's courtship of the niece, a part now played very charmingly by Miss Grace Lane, and the blunders made by the local reporter—appears little less than depressing in its primitive farcicality. And it cannot be said that the explorer who is made the hero of the piece contrives, as rendered by Mr. Kendal, to suggest any emotion save awkward, if well-bred, embarrassment. On the other hand, "The Elder Miss Blossom" possesses the supreme merit of providing Mrs. Kendal—in the rôle of the old maid—with one of those opportunities for expressing dumb, dry-eyed suffering and repressed hysterical sobbing, in taking full advantage of which she stands peerless among our English players. On Monday night the great artist, acting in her most natural and most finished style, made these crucial moments of the second act most poignantly pathetic, almost intolerably affecting, and received from her audience the most enthusiastic tributes.

"THE WHIRL OF THE TOWN," AT THE CENTURY.

The Century Theatre proprietors had forgotten just one thing when they opened their handsome playhouse. In place of the old Adelphi they had provided a new building which boasts its restful scheme of decoration in ivory,



lilac, old gold, and electric blue, which claims perfect sight-lines, roomy seats, and admirable ventilation, which lacks, indeed, only one essential—a good entertainment. It is too much to expect that even the patrons of a prettily built theatre should tolerate the feeblest and emptiest American musical comedy ever presented in London; and yet last week's audience only passed a verdict of silence—silence; however, meaning contempt—on "The Whirl of the Town." To detail Mr. Hugh Morton's vulgar and slangy story of the stolen mermaid and the rich kleptomaniac who showed her round New York is quite superfluous. Enough that Mr. Kerker's often tuneful music was allied to an unworthy libretto, and that Miss Madge Lessing, looking pretty, singing daintily, and dancing vivaciously, as the heroine made an undoubted success in what seems doomed to be a failure. She was supported by Mr. Henry Dixey, an American actor who indulges in many skilful Fregoli-like disguises, but has little humour withal, and by Mr. John Le Hay, an English comedian, who started well as a Scotch detective, but had to decline on the rôle of a pantomime Neptune. But fun is just the element to seek in the pretentiously styled and really picturesquely dressed "Whirl of the Town."

### WHERE THE LAND ENDS: AN AUTUMN AFTERNOON.

Below the edge of the Heron Wood a cornfield slopes to the pasture-lands which meet the river-fringed marsh. Some weeks ago the field was cleared, and now the stubbles are waiting for the plough. This side of the wood one sees cattle grazing to the marsh's edge, but no human being is in sight. On the bosom of the river—the tidal estuary of the Whitewater, to be exact—a few yawls and a sailing-boat rest at their ease, not unlike sea-birds of unearthly growth, safely, a mile or two from the full force of the North Sea. The villages on the far side of the estuary—small collections of fishers' cottages, with a general store, a tiny tavern, and a Dissenting chapel—are invisible this afternoon, for the sinking sun has spread an impenetrable curtain of light all over that part of the country. I started out to shoot, gun under arm, dog at heel. I reached this place where the wood ends and the fields fall away to the water-side, and then the charm of the autumn afternoon revealed itself, and I sat down obediently on the trunk of a tree that was smitten by the lightning in the earlier year. It is a puzzle to me, this part of the country, within comparatively easy distance of town, possessing game in plenty, an excellent pack of hounds, a river yielding coarse fish in abundance, a sea-wall over which the mallard, teal, and widgeon pass in shot when the weather is cold, and yet almost undiscovered. I pray it may long retain its privacy.

This afternoon, because I have decided not to shoot and have emptied my gun, sport comes to me on all hands. From the turnip-field on the other side of the wood a covey of partridges sails leisurely on to the stubble. I count fourteen of them; evidently it is an unbroken lot. Modern reaping-machines and self-binders leave scant cover. I can see the birds prospecting in pursuit of grain. All through the heat of day, since nine or ten in the morning, they have been in the shade of the turnips, unless inclination has stirred them to take a dust or sun bath on the fallow; now they are hungry and will eat heavily of the grain that was left when the sheaves were taken. They call loudly while they eat, a harsh chatter enough, though doubtless it is a cry of contentment and happiness. Any strange sound would put them off their feed, and send them running away to a point where the parent birds would lead the flight. I remember how scarce the birds were when I came here some years ago, how regular shooting and some care at nesting-time have improved the quantity and quality, so that there are six birds now where there was one then, and I wonder whether the humanitarians have correct theories. Old birds are shot on sight; stoats, weasels, hawks are killed without mercy; water-pans are put down in times of drought, and the birds yield a good harvest to the gun.

Rabbits are beginning to peep out of the unbrushed ditches—very shyly at first, but with an ever-increasing confidence. If undisturbed they will feed and play for hours now, and will make excursions after dark to the fields that offer them favourite food. They do not amuse themselves as prettily as in spring and early summer, when they are very young and long grasses hide them from view: their gambols have a more robust aspect, that finds its counterpart among men in the football field. Like the partridges, they have improved in quality since shooting became regular, and their enemies, the stoats and weasels, were attacked; and though they yield their hundreds every winter, the supply is well maintained. I know that if they were left to run unchecked for four or five years they would deteriorate considerably. While I have been watching them, wild pigeons have been flying to and fro, sometimes singly, sometimes in flocks: they have a colony in the wood. On the lower field I saw a flight of plover, and far away on the right a "V"-shaped company of mallard and duck flying

between the decoy pond and the sea. And all this time the blaze of colour over Bellbury and Hevering across the water has been growing richer and still more rich, and the setting sun has fired the western heavens, revealing all the treasury of fairyland. Even the white sails on the estuary are overwhelmed in the golden flood, which finally catches the far corner of the wood, and gilds the yellowing leaves of oak and ash and elm. Is it fancy, or do the birds in spinney, hedge, and covert side hush their cries for a few brief moments in honour of the pageant? I think it is truth, not fancy, that they know, even as I do, how such an afternoon as this is one of the last gifts the year has to grant us. Yet a few more weeks, and the mist will come up from the marshes at eventide, and the frost will grip the fields in the small hours of morning; food will be hard to find; all the ills of winter will be upon the earth. Now, though autumn has ripened the blackberries on every hedge, and the latest fruits of the orchard have been gathered, there is still some reminiscence of summer, some reminder that it was with us but lately, coupled with a suggestion that it has not gone for long.

This is a small wood, but of excellent growth, and a splendid game-preserver. The hounds draw it once or twice in the year, and the hunt, streaming through the trees in all the glory of scarlet and white, affords a very pretty sight on a winter's day. I am reminded that it is the home of herons too, for a pair of these fine birds are now wending their way in heavy flight from the marshes, where they have doubtless been fishing for their supper in the fleets. In the late summer I shot a rabbit by the woodside one evening, and almost before the echo of the gun's discharge had spread, a score of herons left the wood, some right over my head, and went marshwards in silent protest against my disturbing action. Without doubt, there was a heronry here in days of old, when the forests of Landshire covered the best game in all England, and many a knight and lady, hawk on wrist, have ridden out to try their clever birds in flight against the ancestors of the present residents. Now the heron builds his nest on the highest tree in the grove in comparative peace. Woe to the adventurous lad who would try to scale that tree in search of the big blue eggs! He would fare worse than those who assail a rookery in like manner when the March wind is blowing and the nests rock in their cradle in the fork of the highest branches. The heron has a short, sharp way with intruders at nesting-time, just as so many other timid creatures have.

A fine hare steals along the field below me as though to complete the game-bag. Puss has come up from the marshes, if I mistake not, and is on her way to the turnip-field, where she will have a fine supper at the farmer's expense. Her deliberation is in striking contrast to her haste when alarmed; she seems to know that for to-night at least there is no cause for haste. As I watch her, and insensibly measure the intervening distance with my eye, I become conscious that the light has gone and the evening has come. The afterglow burns feebly in the heavens, but darkness is falling as though from the far corners of the earth. So I rise regretfully, and the one or two rabbits, seeing me, scuttle off at express speed, a few pigeons leave the wood in full flight, while the partridges, being at the far end of the stubble, are not disturbed.

I go home through Waychester village and meet my landlord, who looks at me compassionately. "No sport, I'm fearin'," he says. "On the contrary," I reply, "I've had a very good afternoon, but I brought no bag away with me." When I reach home I find a fire blazing in the sitting-room, the lamp lighted, and the curtains drawn. Entering the hot room, I shiver, for I feel I have come into winter all too soon.

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# THE CZAR'S VISIT TO FRANCE.



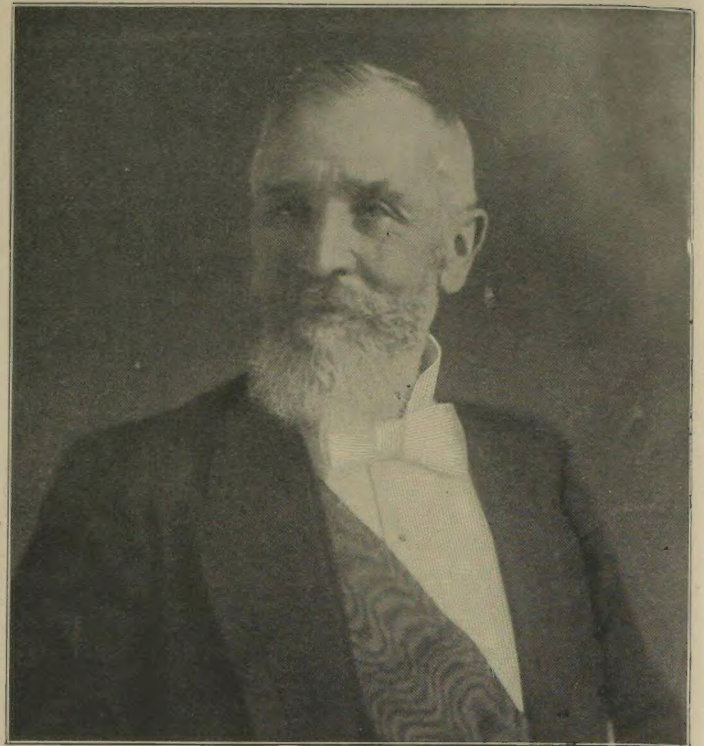
*Photo. Pirou, Paris.*

ADMIRAL MÉNARD, COMMANDER OF THE FRENCH FLEET AT DUNKIRK.

Admiral Ménéard is familiarly known in naval circles as "The Old Tapir," and is said to be more intimately acquainted with the coasts of Great Britain than any Englishman.

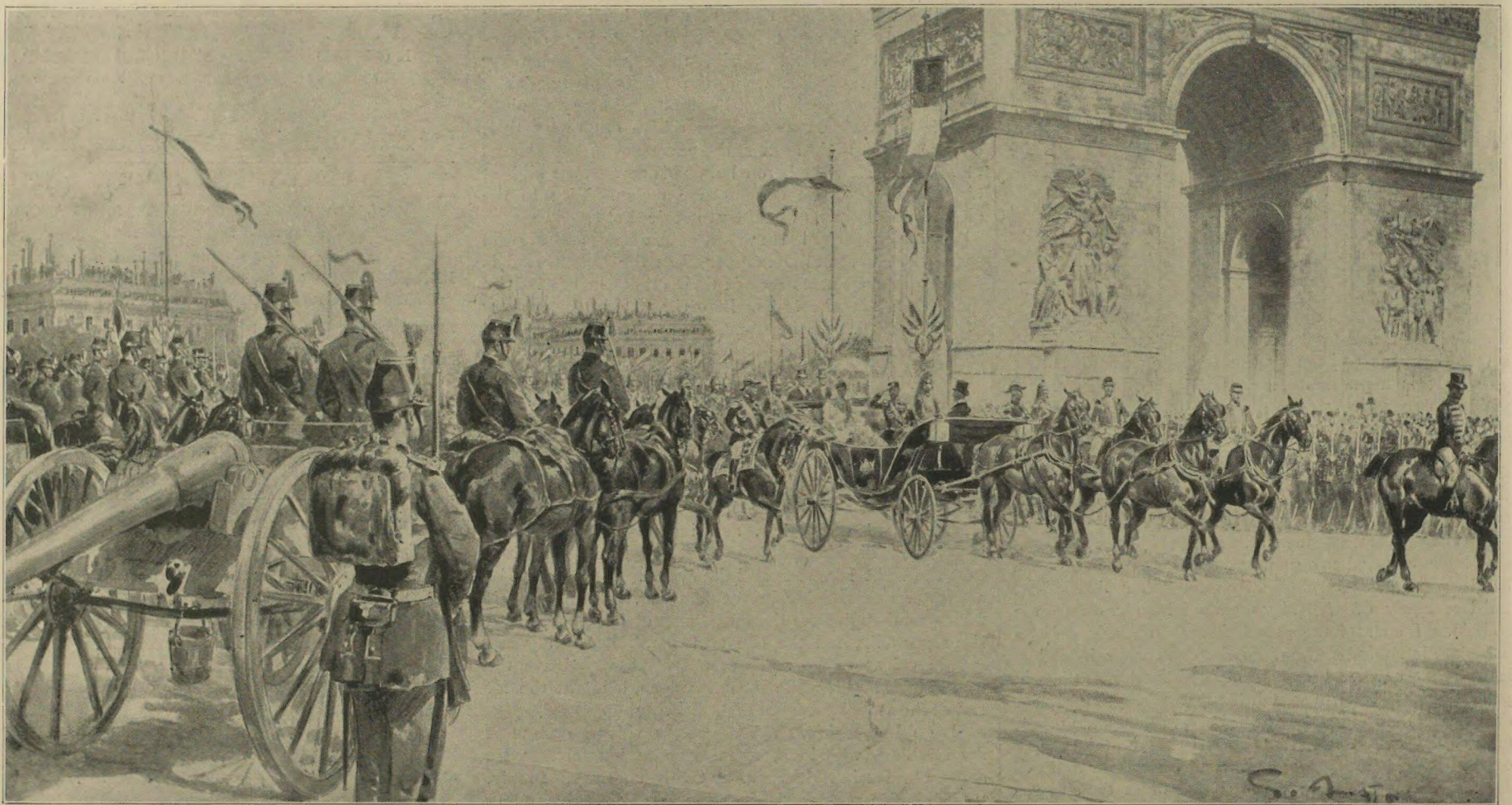
Emile Loubet, President of the French Republic since February 1899, is the son of a peasant proprietor, and was born at Marsanne, in the Department of Drôme, in 1838. He studied law, and was a member of the Local Bar of Montélimar.

The Czar and Czaritsa arrived in Paris from Cherbourg on Oct. 6, 1896, and drove through the Champs Elysées, accompanied by President Faure.



*Photo. Nadar, Marseilles.*

M. LOUBET, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC, WHO RECEIVED THE CZAR AT DUNKIRK.



THE CZAR'S VISIT TO PARIS IN 1896: THE IMPERIAL PROCESSION PASSING THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE.—[DRAWN BY G. AMATO.]



*Photo. Pirou, Paris.*

ADMIRAL GERVais, COMMANDER OF THE FLEET ON THE OCCASION OF THE CZAR'S FORMER VISIT TO FRANCE.

Admiral Gervais is the greatest of French sailors. He commanded the French Fleet on its memorable visit to Cronstadt, and is said to enjoy the intimate personal friendship of several members of the Russian Imperial House. He is an accomplished linguist and man of the world.

General André, who comes of an Alsatian Protestant family, is 63 years of age. To General André is due, on the present occasion, the proposal that the commanders of French Army Corps should present the Czaritsa with a bouquet of "La France" roses and orchids.



*Photo. Boyer, Paris.*

GENERAL ANDRÉ, FRENCH MINISTER OF WAR, IN CONTROL OF MILITARY ARRANGEMENTS DURING THE CZAR'S VISIT.



# THE GUERRILLA WARFARE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



"FAREWELL, MY ANCIENT, 'IF INEFFICIENT COMRADE'": AN INCIDENT OF THE SURRENDER OF ARMS AT A BRITISH POST.

*In many cases the rusty fowling piece surrendered represents a Mauser rifle at home.*



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE KING AND THE CZAR.

We have already chronicled with pen and pencil the landing of King Edward VII. at Elsinore, but this week a further and more intimate incident, witnessed by our Special Artist, is portrayed. On Sept. 8 the King was met at Elsinore by Queen Alexandra, the King of Denmark, and the Czar of Russia. On leaving the waiting-room of the railway station for the train which was to convey the party to Fredensborg, King Edward and the Czar halted by mutual impulse at the door, each waiting for the other to take precedence. After a moment's hesitation the two monarchs linked arms and walked out abreast, smiling at the amusing contretemps. The King of Denmark, the Princes, and members of the suite accompanied and followed. Queen Alexandra, the Czaritsa, and the Princesses had already taken their places in the train.

The Czar's departure from Denmark, which forms the subject of another of our Special Artist's pictures, took place on Sept. 10. The Czar and Czaritsa were accompanied by all the other members of the Fredensborg party to Copenhagen, whither they travelled by special train. They at once went on board the *Standart*, where luncheon was served, and thereafter everyone except the Czar went on board the *Osborne*. Soon after 2 p.m. the Russian imperial yacht weighed anchor and set sail for Danzig. The Czaritsa then left with her children for Kiel on the *Polar Star*, and the members of the English and Danish royal houses returned to Fredensborg.

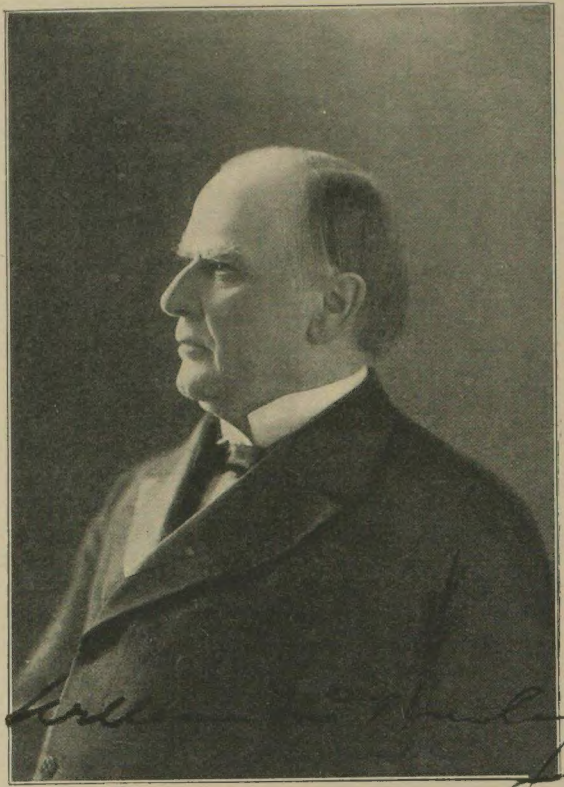
Before leaving Denmark, King Edward, accompanied by Queen Alexandra, afforded much gratification to the Danish people by receiving an address of congratulation on his accession. The ceremony, at which were present, in addition to their Majesties' suite, Princess Victoria and Princess Charles of Denmark, the staff of the British Legation, and several members of the British colony, took place in the Knights' Hall of the Amalienborg Palace. The address was read by Count Danneskiold-Samsøe; and in his answer the Sovereign alluded in a touching manner to his first visit to Denmark, and to the great affection which he has always felt for the Danes. On the same day their Majesties paid a visit to Professor Finsen's Light-Cure Institute. The Court is expected to reach Balmoral in a few days, and some considerable alterations have been made in the interior of Balmoral Castle in order to prepare it for their Majesties.

## THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AT CAPE TOWN.

Although telegraphic messages have already made the royal visit to Cape Town almost ancient history, the arrival of our Artist's sketches justifies some recapitulation of the events portrayed this week. Shortly after seven o'clock on the morning of Aug. 18 the *Ophir* arrived at Cape Town, but the formal reception was delayed until the following day. On Aug. 19 accordingly, the Duke and Duchess proceeded from Simon's Town to the Colonial capital, where they were welcomed by the Speaker of the House of Assembly and by the Mayor and other public officials. The streets were gaily decorated with flags, festoons, and triumphal arches, and enthusiastic crowds cheered their Royal Highnesses all along the line of route from the station to the Governor's house. In the Throne-Room a Levée was held, and many presentations were made. On Aug. 20 native chiefs were received, and on the 21st the Duke was installed as Chancellor of Cape Town University, and afterwards conferred degrees. Dr. Thomas Muir, Vice-Chancellor of the University and Superintendent-General of Education in Cape Colony, presented a loyal address, and requested that it might be conveyed to the King. The Duke signified his pleasure in so doing, and, in acknowledging the honour conferred upon himself, said it would be his care to further the interests of higher education in South Africa. He heartily congratulated and followed with his good wishes those who had that day received degrees. The proceedings, which were marked by no undergraduate boisterousness, terminated with hearty cheers for the royal visitors.

## THE COMMISSIONING OF THE "IMPLACABLE."

H.M. battle-ship *Implacable* was commissioned on Sept. 10 by Prince Louis of Battenberg for service on the Mediterranean Station, where she is to replace the *Empress of India*. Her crew numbers 750 officers and men, the officers including Commander Kerr, son of Admiral Lord Walter Kerr, and First Lieutenant Hotham, son of the Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth. The



AUTOGRAPHED PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

*Implacable*, which is the second modern battle-ship constructed at Devonport, was laid down on July 13, 1898, and was launched on March 10 of the following year. This record for rapid building was beaten by her sister-ship, the *Bulwark*.

## THE COMBINED FLEETS AT LAGOS.

Very great interest attached to the visit of the combined Channel and Mediterranean Fleets to Lagos. On Aug. 30, when the British vessels, under Admiral Sir John Fisher, arrived at that port, they found the King of Portugal there on board his yacht, escorted by three Portuguese men-of-war. International courtesies were at once exchanged. The King lunched with Admiral Lord

from Lagos, and at seven on the following morning again proceeded towards Lagos, when the Mediterranean Squadron was timed to leave, in order to test their wireless telegraphy apparatus and practise their cruisers in scouting. Owing to the foggy weather, their approach was not discovered by the opposing fleet until the arranged meeting-place had been reached in the evening. Communication by wireless telegraphy was interrupted by the enemy. On the Tuesday the combined fleets went through towing manoeuvres, the *Victorious* and the *Cæsar* finishing first in the record time of eight minutes and five seconds. The vessels then cast off, separated, and cleared for action. A two hours' battle was fought, and ended in the victory of the Mediterranean Squadron.

## THE ST. LEGER.

The St. Leger Stakes of 5675 sovereigns for three-year-olds was run at Doncaster on Sept. 11, and was won by Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's *Doricles*, ridden by K. Cannon, and trained by Hayhoe. Mr. Whitney's *Volodyovski*, the winner of this year's Derby, was second, and Mr. Gubbins' *Revenue* third. The starting-gate, used for the first time in this race, caused a little trouble with the horses; but eventually the competitors got away eleven minutes late. In the early part of the race *Doricles* was in the third batch of runners, but at the bend he gained somewhat, and when on the line for home, he closed with *Revenue*. *Volodyovski*, the favourite, which was behind them, tried to get an opening shortly afterwards, but was baulked; and *Doricles* drew ahead of *Revenue*. At the finish, *Volodyovski* was beaten by a neck, with *Revenue* three lengths away. An objection was raised to the winner for bumping, but it was overruled by the stewards.

## DESTRUCTION OF THE SCOTTISH HERRING FLEETS' NETS.

The storm which swept over the northern shores of Scotland proved disastrous to the herring fleets. Many of the nets were carried completely away by the enormous seas. The big boats weathered out the gale, and stood by their tackle, but just after the storm abated a great shoal of herring struck the nets and broke them up. At Peterhead alone £12,000 is set down as the value of the property lost. Our Illustration shows one of the boats just after it reached port. The nets are entangled, and the herring can be seen wrapped in the meshes.

## FIRST ASCENT OF ONE OF THE POINTS OF THE DAMES ANGLAISES.

In August last the Duke of the Abruzzi succeeded in reaching a point of the Dames Anglaises, one of the very few unclimbed peaks in the Alps. These eminences are situated on the south-eastern ridge of Mont Blanc, between the Aiguille Blanche de Peuterey and the Aiguille Noire de Peuterey. On the former peak Professor Balfour, brother of Mr. A. J. Balfour, lost his life some years ago while trying to make the first ascent. Many attempts have been made to climb them, but until this year without success. They consist of five points, the highest being the second from the left of the photograph, 11,825 feet above the sea. It is shaped something like a champagne-cork, the top overhanging considerably. On Aug. 5 last the Prince left Courmayeur at about 4 a.m., accompanied by four guides and some porters carrying sleeping-bags, provisions, and spare rope. After about ten hours' walk and climb they found a place nearly half-way up the face of the peak from the Glacier Brenva, where it was possible to bivouac. The night was spent here, and although very cold, the party was sheltered from the wind. Next morning, soon after daybreak, a start was made, and after overcoming great difficulties,

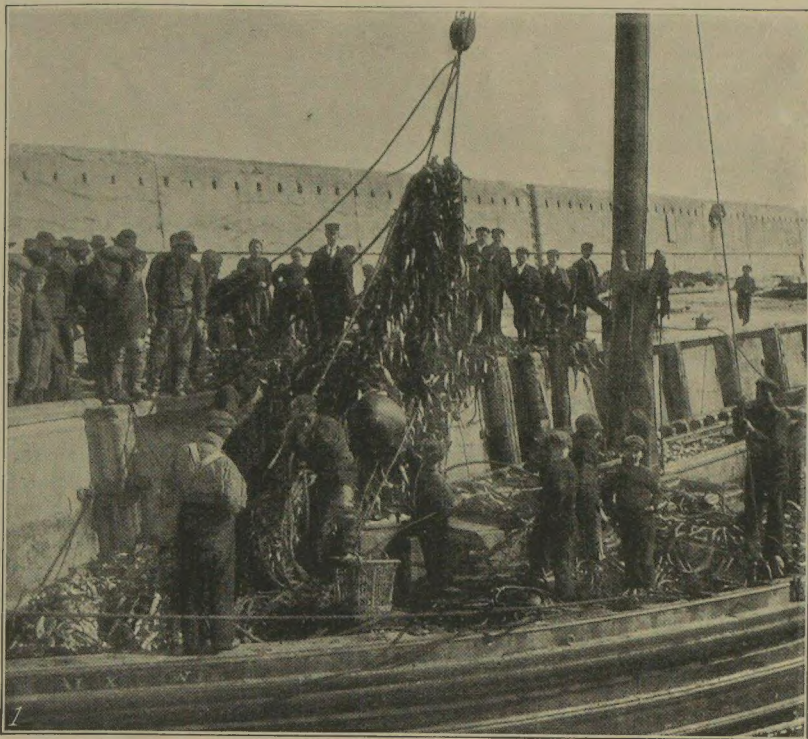


THE HOME OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S FOREFATHERS: CONAGHER, NEAR BALLYMONEY, ANTRIM.

Charles Beresford and dined with Admiral Fisher, and in turn entertained the four Admirals—Fisher, Beresford, Wilson, and Acland—together with several Captains, on board his yacht. On Sept. 1 his Majesty sailed, and was saluted with twenty-one guns from every vessel in the fleet. The King's yacht flew the Royal Standard, and our vessels ran up the Portuguese ensign at the moment the salute was fired. On the evening of Sept. 8 the Channel Squadron steamed under sealed orders to a station a hundred miles

they gained a gap (a chimney just below this gap proving very difficult) between the highest point and the one most to the left on the photograph. Climbing up from the gap, they succeeded in reaching a place about twenty feet from the summit, and just below the overhanging part. From here further progress was absolutely impossible by ordinary climbing. For nearly five hours attempts were made to throw a cord, to which a rope was attached, over the overhanging bit, but a strong north wind always





1. NETS OF THE SCOTTISH HERRING FLEET, DAMAGED BY THE RECENT GALE.

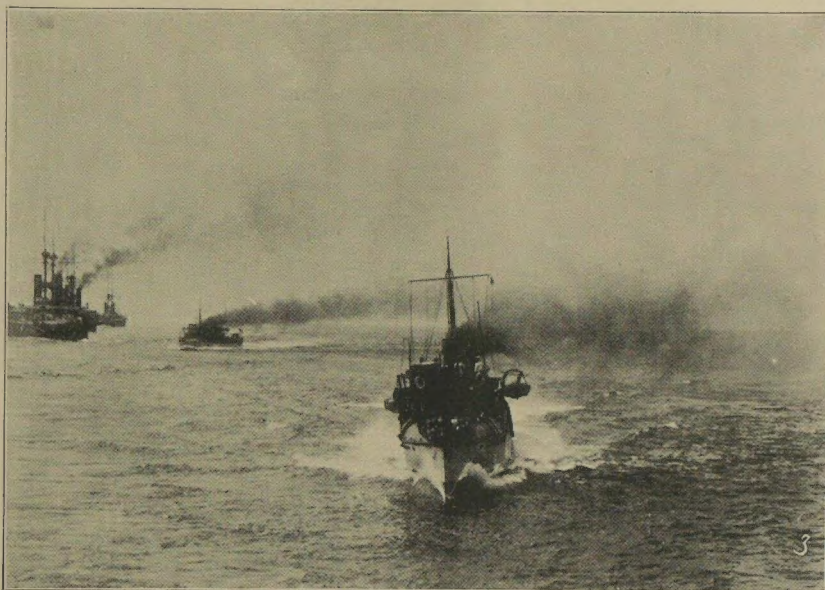
The nets in their broken condition were struck by a great shoal of herring. The illustration shows the condition in which the tackle reached port, with herring entangled in the meshes.

2. THE FIRE AT RHYL ON SEPT. 14, BY WHICH THE GRAND PAVILION WAS DESTROYED. [Photo, Jones.]

The damage amounted to £3000, and the pier narrowly escaped.

3. DESTROYERS ATTACKING BATTLESHIPS: A UNIQUE SNAPSHOT. [Photo, Cribb.]

This picture was taken during the manoeuvres of the combined Mediterranean and Channel Squadrons off Lagos.

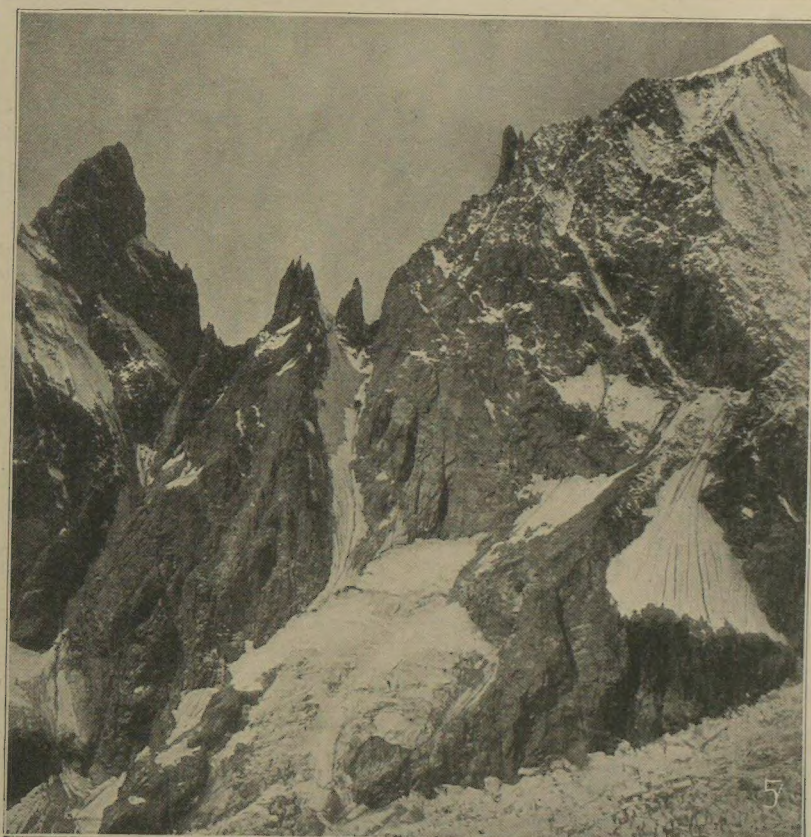
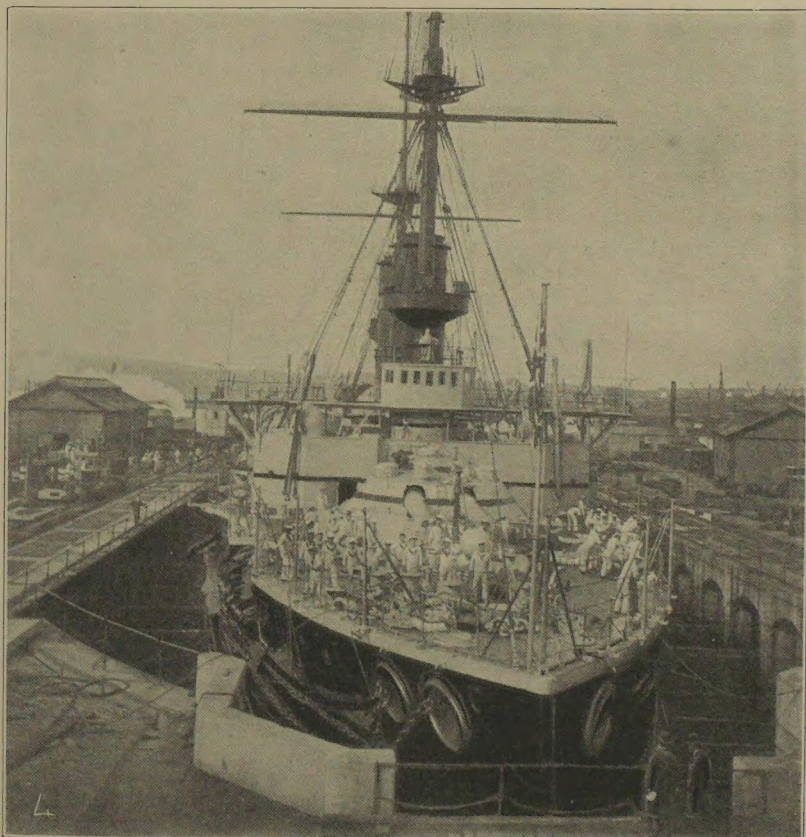


4. H.M.S. "IMPLACABLE," COMMISSIONED BY PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG. [Photo, Cribb.]

The vessel is shown in dry dock, with the crew mustering their hammocks on the forecastle. The "Implacable's" burden is 15,000 tons, and her indicated horse-power 15,000 under normal draught. She is a twin-screw battle-ship of the first class, armoured.

5. ALPINE PEAKS NEWLY CONQUERED BY THE DUKE OF THE ABRUZZI.

The point of the Dames Anglaises which was ascended for the first time on Aug. 6 by his Royal Highness, is the second eminence from the left in the picture. It is 11,825 feet above sea-level.

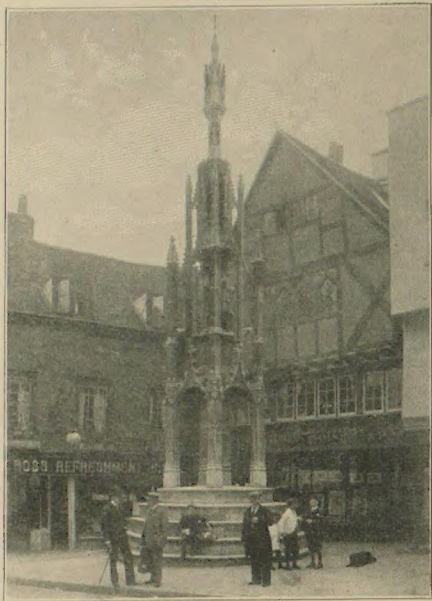




blew the cord back again. Seeing that the attainment of the highest point was quite hopeless in the condition of the wind, the party climbed the peak furthest to the left, which is the second highest, and descended to the bivouac, arriving there just before dark. A second night was spent here, and the return made to Courmayer next day, where the Prince was received with great enthusiasm.

### THE ALFRED MILLENARY.

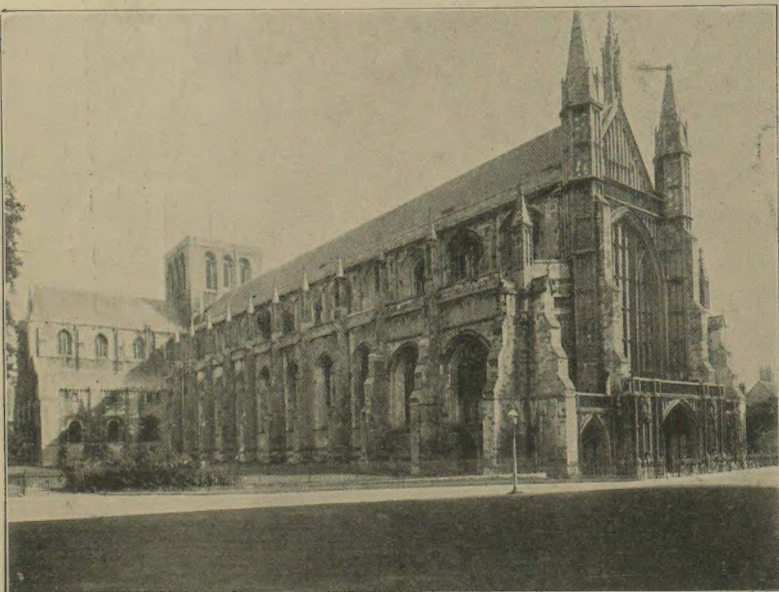
The thousandth anniversary of the death of King Alfred, surnamed the Great, has been celebrated this week at Winchester with much pomp and circumstance. The ceremonies, which included a visit to the ancient West Gate of Winchester; to the Castle Hall, where the reputed Round Table of King Arthur is still preserved; to the site of Hyde Abbey, Alfred's burial-place; to the Cathedral, and to many other places of historic interest, culminated



Photo, Cribb.

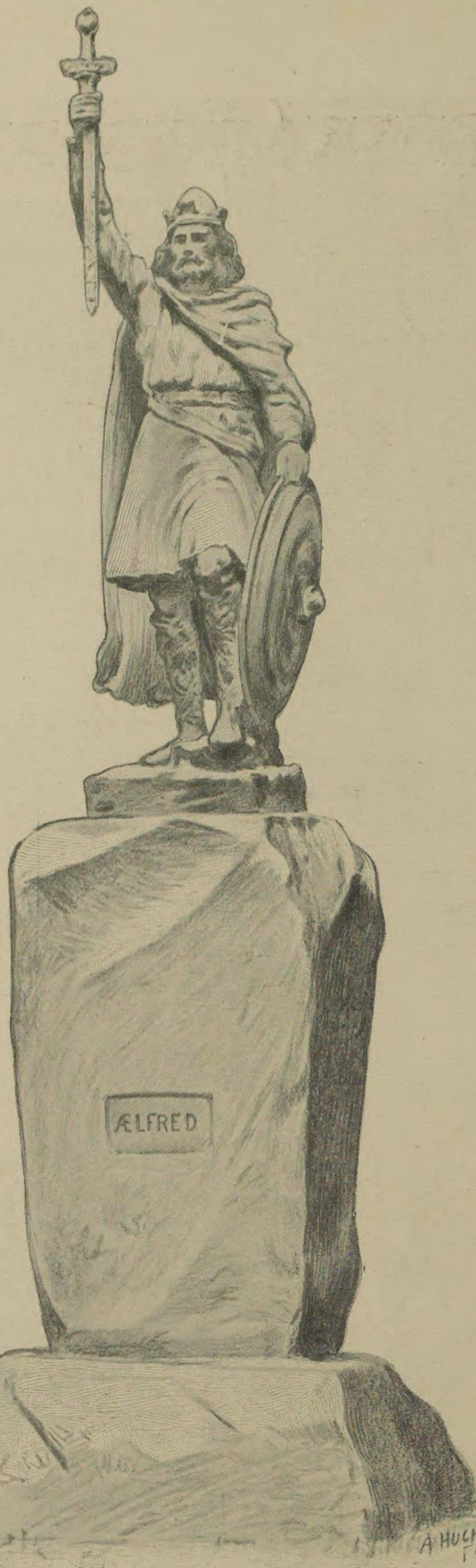
THE ALFRED MILLENARY: WINCHESTER MARKET CROSS.

on Sept. 20 in the unveiling of Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's colossal statue of the famous monarch of the West Saxons. The sculptor may be congratulated on his work, in point alike of conception and of execution. The figure of Alfred represents a man in the prime of life, a warrior, with a countenance of intellectual cast, as befitted the ruler who not only freed the kingdom from foreign oppression, but delivered it from the bonds of ignorance. On the head is a Saxon helmet encircled by the crown, and the right hand holds aloft a cross-hilted sword, the symbol of that Christianity to which, with the rough logic of the times, Alfred, by right of conquest, converted Guthrum and his Danes. Guthrum was baptised at Aller, where a Saxon font said to have been used on that occasion is still shown. Concerning the illustration of the font which we published last week, and of Driffield Church, Dr. Norris, of South Petherton, Somerset, sends us the following note: "There is no doubt that Guthrum was baptised at Aller, but the font figured is believed to be a twelfth-century erection at the earliest. It had lain for many years in the neighbouring fields (I believe) before its nineteenth-century replacement in the church. As to Alfred's burial-place, it was not Alfred 'the Great' who was interred at Driffield, but Alfred 'the Wise,' King of Northumbria, who died there in A.D. 705, almost two centuries before the decease of his more illustrious namesake. The ashes of the latter, by the consensus of all chroniclers, found a first resting-place in the Cathedral at Winchester, although, in consequence of ecclesiastical and political disturbances,



Photo, Cribb.

THE ALFRED MILLENARY: WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL, VISITED BY THE DELEGATES.



THE COLOSSAL BRONZE STATUE OF KING ALFRED,

UNVEILED AT WINCHESTER BY LORD ROSEBERY ON SEPTEMBER 20.

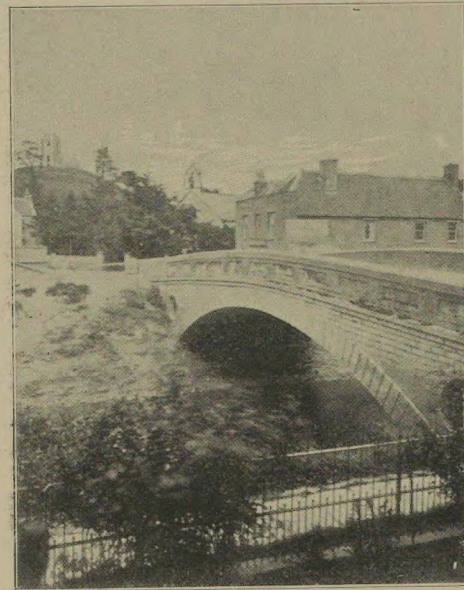
Drawn by kind permission of the sculptor, Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., from his original model in clay.

they were subjected to several subsequent removals; the popular idea at the present day being that his bones were, not long before the 'Dissolution,' finally re-transferred to the Old Minster (the present Cathedral), and that they now occupy a small space in one of Bishop Fox's relic-boxes in the Presbytery, where they are duly preserved and labelled with the names of early Kings of England and nobles who are recorded as having been buried within the sacred precincts. And thus it came to pass that there is so much uncertainty as to the exact locality of the grave of our greatest King."

The old Saxon bridge, shown in our illustration, which formerly crossed the Parret at Bridgwater, is believed by some authorities to have stood near one of the last positions occupied by the Danes when Alfred conquered them in

the decisive action of Ethandune. That it was actually in existence then is, of course, doubtful, but the Latin chronicler refers definitely to a bridge, which must have been at or near the spot. The old bridge has disappeared, and the Parret is now spanned by a modern structure. Of this we also give a picture.

Among their other pilgrimages, the delegates to the Alfred celebrations journeyed on Sept. 19 to Wolvesey, the site of the old palace of the Saxon Kings. The imposing ruins which occupy the ground are those of the Castle of de Blois, but Saxon masonry occurs in an ancient wall surrounding the feudal remains. Most notable is the "herring-bone" work, which testifies to the hand of Saxon artificers. At Wolvesey, Alfred spent part of his boyhood under the tuition of Bishop Swithun, and there, after his accession, he received all that was most intellectual in the society of his day. Among his guests was the chronicler Asser, to whose narrative we owe our most authentic knowledge of the life and times of the Wessex



BRIDGE OVER THE PARRET AT BRIDGWATER, NEAR ALFRED'S BATTLEFIELD OF ETHANDUNE.

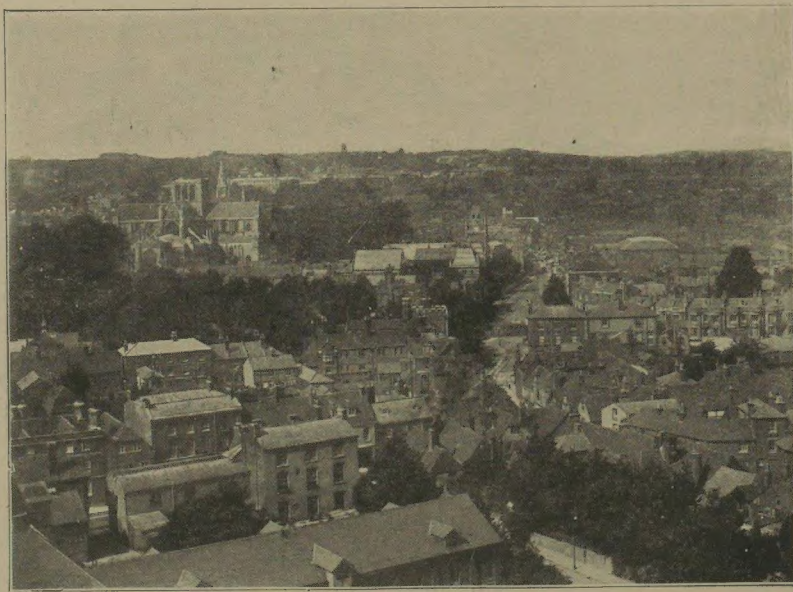
King, who was born at Wantage in the darkest days of England's fortune, but who was destined to set her steps in the path of Empire.

### THE AMERICA CUP RACES.

Owing to the death of President McKinley, it has been decided that the first race for the America Cup shall be sailed on Sept. 26, instead of on the 21st, as originally arranged. The postponement was proposed by the American Committee of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, under the flag of which *Shamrock II.* races, and was received with commendation by the defenders. The challenger was dry-docked in the Erie Basin on Sept. 15, preparatory to being made ready for racing. The copper is being stripped from her rudder, as it is not smooth enough to satisfy the experts who have charge of her. Her hull is found to have been severely strained in the squall in which she was recently caught, and it is feared that this may slightly lessen her speed.

### THE FIRE AT RHYL PAVILION.

The Grand Pavilion at Rhyl, erected nine years ago at a cost of £3000, was burned down on Sept. 14. Finding it impossible to save the building, which was entirely of wood, the fire brigade devoted the whole of their energy to preventing the flames from attacking the pier. Among the contents of the Pavilion was the organ from the Manchester Jubilee Exhibition. A theatrical company had the whole of its property and wardrobe destroyed.



Photo, Cribb.

THE ALFRED MILLENARY: THE CITY OF WINCHESTER, WHERE THE CELEBRATIONS HAVE BEEN HELD.



# KING EDWARD VII. AND THE CZAR AT COPENHAGEN.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT COPENHAGEN.



AN AMICABLE SETTLEMENT TO A QUESTION OF PRÉCEDENCE: KING EDWARD AND THE CZAR LEAVING THE WAITING-ROOM AT ELSINORE.

*At the moment of leaving the waiting-room for the train to Fredensborg, the King and the Czar paused, each waiting for the other to pass out first. Finally they solved the difficulty by walking out arm-in-arm.*



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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, SEPT. 21, 1901.—414

THE DEPARTURE OF NICHOLAS II. FROM COPENHAGEN: KING EDWARD, QUEEN ALEXANDRA, AND THE KING OF DENMARK PREPARING TO FOLLOW THE CZAR TO LUNCHEON ON BOARD THE "STANDART."





KING OF PORTUGAL'S YACHT.

THE COMBINED MEDITERRANEAN AND CHANNEL SQUADRONS IN LAGOS BAY, ON THE OCCASION OF THE KING OF PORTUGAL'S VISIT.

FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT P. W. PONTIFEX, U. S. A., "PIONEER"



# THE ROYAL COLONIAL TOUR: THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AT CAPE TOWN.

FROM SKETCHES BY GURNELL JENNIS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT CAPE TOWN.

Professor Thomson.



THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH IN GREENMARKET SQUARE.

THE DUKE OF CORNWALL CONFERRING A DEGREE ON A LADY GRADUATE.

THE DUKE OF CORNWALL, IN HIS ROBES AS CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAPE TOWN, READING THE KING'S MESSAGE.

DR. MUIR, VICE-CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAPE TOWN.

THE KING'S ARCH, ADDERLEY STREET



# THE HERMIT OF THE YEWS.

By E. NESBIT.



Illustrated by F. H. Townsend.

MAURICE BRENT knew a great deal about the Greek anthology and very little about women. No one but himself had any idea how much he knew of the one and no one had less idea than himself how little he knew of the other. So that when, a stranger and a pilgrim hopelessly astray amid a smart house-party, he began to fall in love with Camilla, it seemed to be no one's business to tell him what everybody else knew—that Camilla had contracted the habit of becoming engaged at least once a year. Of course this always happened in the country, because it was there that Camilla was most bored. No other eligible young man happened to be free at the moment. Camilla never engaged herself to ineligible. The habit of years is not easily broken; Camilla became engaged to Maurice, and for the six months of the engagement he lived in Paradise. A fool's Paradise, if you like, but Paradise all the same.

About Easter-time Camilla told him, very nicely and kindly, that she had mistaken her own heart. She hoped he would not let it make him very unhappy. She would always wish him the best of good fortune, and doubtless he would find it in the affection of some other girl much nicer and more worthy of him than his sincere friend Camilla. Camilla was right—no one could have been less worthy of him than she; but after all, it was Camilla he thought he loved, Camilla he felt that he wanted, not any other girl at all, no matter how nice or how worthy.

He took it very quietly, sent her a note so cold and unconcerned that Camilla was quite upset, and cried most

of the evening, and got up next day with swollen eyelids and a very bad temper. She was not so sure of her power as she had been, and the loss of such a certainty is never pleasant.

He meanwhile advertised for a furnished house, and found one—by letter—which seemed to be the very thing he wanted. "Handsomely and conveniently furnished, seven miles from a railway-station—a well-built house, standing in its own grounds of five acres—garden, orchard pasture, magnificent view." Being as unversed in the ways of house-agents as in those of women, he took it on trust, paid a quarter's rent, and went down to take possession. He had instructed the local house-agent to find a woman who would come in for a few hours daily to "do" for him. "I'll have no silly woman in the house," said he.

It was on an inclement June evening that the station fly set him down in front of his new house. The drive had been long and dreary, and seemed to Maurice more like seventy miles than seven. Now he let down the carriage window and thrust his head into the rain to see his new house. It was a stucco villa, with iron railings in the worst possible taste. It had an air at once new and worn out: no one seemed ever to have lived in it, and yet everything about it was broken and shabby. The door stuck a little at first, with the damp, and when at last it opened and Maurice went over his house he found it furnished mainly with oilcloth and three-legged tables and engravings in frames of bird's-eye maple—like a seaside lodging-house. The house was clean, however, and the woman in attendance was clean. But the

atmosphere of the place was that of a vault. He looked out through the streaming panes at the magnificent view so dwelt upon in the house-agent's letters. The house stood almost at the edge of a disused chalk quarry; far below stretched a flat plain, dotted here and there with limekilns and smoky tall chimneys. The five acres looked very bare and thistly, and the rain was dripping heavily from a shivering, half-dead cypress on to a draggled, long-haired grass plot. Mr. Brent shivered and ordered a fire.

When the woman had gone, he sat long by the fire in one of those cane-and-wood chairs that fold up—who wants a chair to fold up? so common in lodging-houses. Unless you sit quite straight in these chairs, you tumble out of them. He gazed at the fire, and thought and dreamed. His dreams were naturally of Camilla. His thoughts were of his work.

"I've taken the house for three years," said he: "well, one place is as good as another to be wretched in. But one room I must furnish, for you can't work on oilcloth."

So next day he walked to Rochester and bought some old bureaux and chairs and bookcases, a few Persian rugs and some brass things, unpacked his books, and settled down to the hermit's life to which he had vowed himself. The woman came every morning from her cottage a mile away, and left at noon. He got his meals himself—always chops, or steaks, or eggs—and presently began to grow accustomed to the place. When the sun shone it was not so bad. He could make no way against the thorns and thistles on his five acres, and they quickly grew into a very wilderness. But a wilderness is pleasant



*He knelt beside her on the floor patiently, fanning her, and watching the pinched, pallid face.*



to wander in; and a few flowers had survived long neglect, and here and there put out red or white or yellow buds. And he worked away at his book about Greek poetry.

He almost believed himself contented: he had never cared for people so much as for books, and now he saw no people, and his books began to crowd his shelves. No one passed by the Yews—so called, he imagined, in extravagant compliment to the decaying cypress—for it stood by a grass-grown byway that had once connected two main roads—each a couple of miles distant. These were now joined by a better road down in the valley, and no one came past Maurice's window save the milk, the bread, the butcher, and the postman.

Summer turned brown and dry and became autumn; autumn turned wet and chilly and grew into winter, and all the winds of heaven blew cold and damp through the cracks of the ill-built house. Maurice was glad when the spring came; he had taken the house for three years, and he was a careful man, and also, in his way, a determined. Yet it was good to look out once more on something green and to see sunshine and a warm sky. It was near Easter now. In all these ten months nothing whatever had happened to him. He had never been beyond his five acres—and no one had been to see him. He had no relations, and friends soon forget. Besides, after all, friends, unlike relations, cannot go where they are not invited.

It was on the Saturday before Easter that the quarry-side fell in. Maurice was working in his study when he heard a sudden crack and a slow splitting sound, and then a long loud rumbling noise, like thunder, that echoed and re-echoed from the hills on each side. And looking from his window, he saw the cloud of white dust rise high above the edge of the old quarry, and seem to drift off to join the cotton-wool clouds in the blue sky.

"I suppose it's all safe enough here," he said, and went back to his manuscripts. But he could not work. At last something had happened; he found himself shaken and excited. He laid down the pen.

"I wonder if anyone was hurt," he said; "the road runs just below, of course. I wonder whether there'll be any more of it. I wonder—"

A wire jerked, a cracked bell sounded harshly through the silence of the house. He sprang to his feet.

"Who on earth!" he said. "The house isn't safe after all, perhaps, and they've come to tell me." As he went along the worn oilcloth of the hall he saw through the comfortless white spotted glass of his front door the outline of a sailor-hat.

He opened the door; it stuck, as usual, but he got it open. There stood a girl holding a bicycle.

"Oh," she said, without looking at him, "I'm so sorry to trouble you! My bicycle's run down, and I'm afraid it's a puncture, and could you let me have some water to find the hole—and if I might sit down a minute."

Her voice grew lower and lower.

He opened the door wide and put out his hand for the bicycle. She took two steps past him, rather unsteadily, and sat down on the stairs. There were no chairs: the furniture of the hall was all oilcloth and hat-pegs.

He saw now that she was very pale. Her face looked greenish behind her veil's white meshes.

He propped the machine against the door, as she leaned her head back against the ugly marbled paper of the staircase wall.

"I'm afraid you're ill," he said gently. But the girl made no answer. Her head slipped along the varnished wall and rested on the stair two steps above where she sat. Her hat was crookedly twisted. Even a student of Greek could see that she had fainted.

"Oh, Lord!" said he.

He got her hat and veil off—he never knew how, and he wondered afterwards at his own cleverness, for there were many pins, long and short. He fetched the cushion from his armchair and put it under her head; he took off her gloves and rubbed her hands and her forehead with vinegar; but her complexion remained green, and she lay, all in a heap, at the foot of his staircase. Then he remembered that fainting people should be laid flat, and not allowed to lie about in heaps at the foot of the stairs, so he very gently and gingerly picked the girl up in his arms and carried her into his sitting-room. Here he laid her on the ground—he had no sofa—and knelt beside her on the floor, patiently fanning her with a copy of the *Athenæum*, and watching the pinched, pallid face for some sign of returning life. It came at last, in a flutter of the eyelids,—a long-drawn gasping breath. The Greek scholar rushed for whisky—brandy he esteemed as a mere adjunct of Channel boats—lifted her head and held the glass to her lips. The blood had come back to her face in a rush of carnation—she drank, choked, drank—he laid her head down and her eyes opened. They were large clear grey eyes, very bewildered-looking just now, but they and the clear red tint in cheeks and lips transformed the face.

"Good gracious," said he, "she's pretty! Pretty? She's beautiful!"

She was. That such beauty should so easily have hidden itself behind a green-tinted mask with sunken eyelids seemed a miracle to the ingenuous bookworm.

"You're better now," said he, with feverish banality. "Give me your hands—so; now you can—Yes, that's right—here—this chair is the only comfortable one."

She sank into the chair, and waved away the more whisky which he eagerly proffered. He stood looking at her with respectful solicitude.

After a few moments she stretched her arms like a sleepy child, yawned, and then suddenly broke into laughter. It had a strange sound. No one had laughed in that house since the wet night when Mr. Brent took possession of it, and he had never been able to bring himself to believe that anyone had ever laughed there before.

Then he remembered having heard that women have hysterical fits, as well as fainting fits, and he said eagerly, "Oh, don't. It's all right. You were faint—the heat or something."

"Did I faint?" she asked with interest. "I never fainted before. But—oh—yes—I remember. It was rather horrible. The quarry tumbled down almost on me—and I just stopped short—in time—and I came round by this road because the other's stopped up—and I was so glad when I saw the house. Thank you so much. It must have been an awful bother. I think I had better start soon."

"No, you don't; you are not fit to ride alone yet," said he to himself. Aloud he said—

"You said something about a puncture—when you are better I'll mend it. And—look here—have you had any lunch?"

"No," said she.

"Then—if you'll allow me—" He left the room, and presently returned with the tray set for his own lunch. Then he fetched from the larder everything he could lay hands on—half a cold chicken, some cold meat-pudding, a pot of jam, bottled beer. He set these confusedly on the table.

"Now," he said, "come and try to eat."

"It's very good of you to bother," she said, a little surprise in her tone, for she had expected "lunch" to be a set, formal meal at which some discreet female relative would preside. "But aren't you—don't you—do you live alone, then?"

"Yes, a woman comes in in the mornings. I'm sorry she's gone; she could have arranged a better lunch for you."

"Better? Why, it's lovely," said she, accepting the situation with frank amusement. And she gave a touch or two to the table which seemed to set everything in its place.

Then they lunched together. He would have served her standing—as one serves a queen—but she laughed again, and he took the place opposite her. During lunch they talked.

After lunch they mended the punctured tyre, and talked all the while. Then it was past three o'clock.

"You won't go yet," he said then, daring greatly for what seemed to him a great stake. "Let me make you some tea—I can, I assure you—and let us see if the tyre holds up."

"Oh, the tyre is all right, thanks to your cleverness—"

"Well, then," said he desperately, "take pity on a poor hermit. I give you my word, I have been here ten months and three days, and I have not in that time spoken a single word to any human being except my bed-maker."

"But if you want to talk to people why did you begin being a hermit?"

"I thought I didn't then."

"Well, now you know better, why don't you come back and talk to people in the ordinary way?"

This was the first and last sign she gave that the circumstances in which she found herself with him were anything but ordinary.

"I have a book to finish," said he. "Would you like to have tea in the wilderness or in here?" He wisely took her consent for granted this time, and his wisdom was justified.

They had tea in the garden. The wilderness blossomed like a rose to Maurice's thinking. In his mind he was saying over and over again, "How bored I must have been all this time! How bored I must have been!" It seemed to him that his mind was opening like a flower, and for the first time. He had never talked so well, and he knew it. All the seeds of thought, sown in those long lonely hours, bore fruit now. She listened, she replied, she argued and debated.

"Beautiful—and sensible," said Maurice to himself. "What a wonderful woman!" There were besides an alertness of mind, a quick brightness of manner that charmed him. Camilla had been languid and dreamy.

Suddenly she rose to her feet.

"I must go," she said, "but I have enjoyed myself so much. You are an ideal host—thank you a thousand times! Perhaps we shall meet again some day if you return to the world. Do you know we've been talking and wrangling for hours and hours, and never even thought of wondering what each other's names are? I think we've paid each other a very magnificent compliment, don't you?"

He smiled and said, "My name is Maurice Brent."

"Mine is Rose Redmayne. It sounds like somebody in the *Family Herald*, doesn't it?"

He had wheeled the bicycle into the road, and she had put on hat and gloves and stood ready to mount before she said—

"If you come back to the world I shall almost certainly meet you. We seem to know the same people. I've heard your name many times."

"From whom?" said he.

"Among others," said she, with her foot on the pedal, "from my cousin Camilla. Good-bye."

And he was left to stare down the road after the swift, flying figure.

Then he went back into the lonely little house, and at about half-past twelve that night he realised that he had done no work that day, and that those hours which had not been spent talking to Rose Redmayne had been spent in thinking about her.

"It's not because she's pretty and clever," he said, "and it's not even because she's a woman. It's because she's the only intelligent human being I've spoken to for nearly a year."

So, day after day, he went on thinking about her.

It was three weeks later that the bell again creaked and jangled, and again through the spotted glass he saw a sailor-hat. To his infinite disgust and surprise his heart began to beat violently.

"I grow nervous, living all alone," he said. "Confound this door, how it does stick! I must have it planed."

He got the door open, and found himself face to face with—Camilla.

He stepped back and bowed gravely.

She looked more beautiful than ever, and he looked at

her and wondered how he could ever have thought her even passably pretty.

"Won't you ask me in?" she said timidly.

"No," said he; "I am all alone."

"I know," she said. "I have only just heard that you're living here all alone, and I came to say—Maurice, I'm sorry. I didn't know you cared so much, or—"

"Don't," he said, stopping the confession as a good batsman blocks a ball. "Believe me, I've not made myself a hermit because of—of all that. I had a book to write—that was all. And—and it's very kind of you to come and look me up, and I wish I could ask you to come in; but— And it's nice of you to take an interest in an old friend. You said you would, didn't you, in the letter; and—I've taken the advice you gave me."

"You mean you've fallen in love with someone else?"

"You remember what you said in your letter?"

"Someone nicer and worthier, I said," returned Camilla blankly; "but I never thought . . . And is she?"

"Of course she seems so to me," said he, smiling at her to express friendly feeling.

"Then—good-bye—I wish you the best of good fortune."

"You said that in your letter too," said he. "Good-bye."

"Who is she?"

"I mustn't tell even you that, until I have told her"; he smiled again.

"Then good-bye," said Camilla softly; "forgive me for troubling you so unnecessarily."

And he found himself standing by his door; and Camilla on her bicycle sped down the road, shaking with tears of anger and mortification and deep disappointment, because she knew now that she loved him as much as it was in her to love anyone, and because she, who had humbled so many, had now at last humbled herself—and to no purpose.

Maurice Brent left his door opened and wandered down across his five acres, filled with amazement. Camilla herself had not been more deeply astonished at the words he had spoken than he himself had been. A moment before he had not even thought that he was in love, much less contemplated any confession of it. And now, seemingly without his will, he stood committed to this statement. Was it true—or had he only said it to defend himself against Camilla and the past, and against those advances of hers in which he saw merely a new trap? He had said it in defence—yes—but it was true for all that. This was the wonderful part of it. And so he walked in the wilderness, lost in wonder. And as he walked he noted the bicycles that passed his door—along his unfrequented road, by ones and twos and threes; for this was a Saturday, and the lower road was still lying cold and hidden under its load of chalk, and none might pass that way. His road was hot and dusty, and folk went along it continually. He strolled to his ugly iron gate and looked over idly. Perhaps some day she would come that way again; she would surely stop, especially if he were at the gate, and perhaps stay and talk a little. As if in mocking answer to the new-born thought came a flash of blue along the road. Rose Redmayne rode by at full speed, bowed coldly, and then at ten yards' distance turned and waved a white-gloved hand with a charming smile.

Maurice swore softly, and went indoors to think.

His work went but slowly on that day and in the days that followed. On the next Friday he went over to Rochester, and in the dusk of the evening he walked along the road, about a mile from the Yews; and then, going slowly, he cast handfuls of something dark from his hand, and kicked the white dust over it as it lay.

"I feel like the enemy sowing tares," said he.

Then he went home, full of anxious anticipation. The next day was hot and bright. He took his armchair into the nightmare of a verandah, and sat there reading; only above the top of the book his eyes could follow the curve of the white road. This made it more difficult to follow the text. Presently the bicyclists began to go past by ones and twos and threes; but a certain percentage was wheeling its machines. Others stopped within sight to blow up their tyres. One man sat down under the hedge thirty yards away, and took his machine to pieces. Presently he strolled up and asked for water. Brent gave it, in a tin basin, grudgingly, and without opening the gate.

"I overdid it," he said; "a quarter of a pound would have been enough. Yet I don't know—perhaps it's well to be on the safe side. Yet three pounds was perhaps excessive." Late in the afternoon, a pink figure wheeling a bicycle came slowly down the road. He sat still, and tried to read. In a moment he should hear the click of the gate. Then he would spring up and be very much astonished. But the gate did not click, and when next he raised his eyes the pink blouse had gone by, and was almost past the end of the five acres. Then he did spring up—and ran.

"Miss Redmayne—can't I help you? What is it? Have you had a spill?" he said as he overtook her.

"Puncture," said she laconically.

"You're very unfortunate. Mayn't I help you to mend it?"

"I'll mend it as soon as I get to a shady place."

"Come into the wilderness. See, here's the side gate. I'll fetch some water in a moment."

She looked at him doubtfully, and then consented. She refused tea, but she stayed and talked till long after the bicycle was mended.

On the following Saturday he walked along the road, and back, and along, and again the place was alive with angry cyclists dealing, each after his fashion, with a punctured tyre. He came upon Miss Redmayne sitting by the ditch mending hers. That was the time when he sat on the roadside and told her all about himself—reserving only those points where his life had touched Camilla's.

The week after he walked the road again, and this time he overtook Miss Redmayne, who was resolutely



wheeling her bicycle back in the way by which she had come.

"Let me wheel it for you," he said. "Whither bound?"  
 "I'm going back to Rochester," she said. "I generally ride over to see my aunts at Felsenden on Saturdays, but I fear I must give it up, and go by train. This road isn't safe."

"Not safe?" he said, with an agitation which could not escape her notice.

"Not safe," she repeated. "Mr. Brent, there is a very malicious person in this part of the country—a perfectly dreadful person."

"What do you mean?" he managed to ask.

"These three Saturdays I have come along this road: each time I have had a puncture. And each time I have found embedded in my tyre the evidence of someone's malice. This is one piece of evidence." She held out her ungloved hand. On its pink palm lay a good-sized tin tack.

"You're talking nonsense," she said, for he stopped on a note that demanded an answer. "Why, you told Camilla——"

"Yes, but you—but I meant *you*. I thought I cared about her once; but I never cared really, with all my heart and soul, for anyone but you."

She looked at him calmly and earnestly.

"I'm going to forget all this," she said, "but I like you very much, and if you want to come and see me, you may. I will introduce you to my aunts at Felsenden as—as a friend of Camilla's. And I will be friends with you. But nothing else—ever. Do you care to know my aunts?"

Maurice had inspirations of sense sometimes. One came to him now, and he said—

"I care very much."

"Then help me to mend my bicycle, and you can call there to-morrow. It's the Grange—you can't miss it!"

#### ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bible Society has been fortunate in securing Dr. Mackennal, of Bowden, and Mrs. Bishop as the speakers at its Annual Evening Meeting, to be held on Oct. 31.

Canon Edwyn Hoskyns, the new Bishop-Suffragan of Burnley, has had considerable experience of city work. He held two London curacies between 1879 and 1886, and for nine years was Rector of St. Dunstan, Stepney. It is expected that the new Bishop-Suffragan will succeed Canon Parker in the Rectory of Burnley, which the latter held for nearly fifty years.

The visit of Baroness Burdett-Coutts to the Methodist Ecumenical Conference was a gracious and graceful act, which was much appreciated by the delegates from all parts of the world. Stately American "Bishops" vied with English Doctors of Divinity in paying honour to the



"I feel like the enemy sowing tares," said he.

"Once might be accident, twice a coincidence, three times is too much. The road's impossible."

"Do you think someone did it on purpose?"

"I know it," she said calmly.

Then he grew desperate.

"Try to forgive me," he said. "I was so lonely, and I wanted so much——"

She turned wide eyes on him.

"*You!*" she cried, and began to laugh. Her laughter was very pretty, he thought.

"Then you didn't know it was me?" said the Greek student.

"*You!*" she said again. "And has it amused you—to see all these poor people in difficulties, and to know that you've spoiled their poor little holiday for them—and three times, too?"

"I never thought about *them*," he said; "it was *you* I wanted to see. Try to forgive me; you don't know how much I wanted you."

Something in his voice kept her silent.

"And don't laugh," he went on. "I feel as if I wanted nothing in the world but you. Let me come to see you; let me try to make you care too."

No—not another word of nonsense, please, or we can't possibly be friends."

He helped her to mend the bicycle, and they talked of the beauty of spring and modern poetry.

It was at the Grange, Felsenden, that Maurice next saw Miss Redmayne; and it was from the Grange, Felsenden, that in September he married her.

"And why did you say you would never, never be anything but a friend?" he asked her on the day when that marriage was arranged. "Oh, you nearly made me believe you! Why did you say it?"

"One must say something!" she answered. "Besides, you'd never have respected me if I'd said 'Yes' at once."

"Could you have said it? Did you like me then?"

She looked at him, and her look was an answer. He stooped and gravely kissed her.

"And you really cared, even then? I wish you had been braver," he said, a little sadly.

"Ah! but," she said, "I didn't know you then. You must try to forgive me, dear. Think how much there was at stake! Suppose I had lost you!"

THE END.

lady whose name has so long been a household word among the English-speaking race.

The late Bishop Creighton earnestly desired to establish a Home of Rest as a permanent health-resort for the overworked clergy of the diocese. The amount necessary to provide such a Home is about £1500, and a fund has been opened for the purpose at the London and Westminster Bank, Lothbury. It is much to be hoped that, if the new Home of Rest is to be established, it may be very different from the frowsy, desolate-looking Homes which are to be seen at some of our seaside resorts. The appearance of these places would of itself almost encourage illness.

The congregation at St. Jude's, Kensington, of which the Rev. Prebendary Eardley-Wilmot is Vicar, is one of the most generous in West London. The voluntary contributions for last year reached the large sum of £6800, of which nearly £5000 was devoted to the relief of the poor and to objects outside the parish. If other rich London churches were to expend their funds as unselfishly as St. Jude's, the worst difficulties of the slum parishes would disappear.

V.



# THE ROYAL COLONIAL TOUR: THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AT CAPE TOWN.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE FROM A SKETCH BY GURNELL JENNIS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT CAPE TOWN.



A LEVÉE IN KHAKI AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE.



THE LATE PRESIDENT MCKINLEY: VIEWS AND INCIDENTS



EXTERIOR OF THE WHITE HOUSE.



THE WHITE HOUSE FROM THE GARDENS.



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND HIS CABINET DISCUSSING THE CUBAN CONSTITUTION.



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY DRIVING.



IDEAL PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY ON HIS RECENT TOUR: CONTEMPLATING THE NATION'S INDUSTRIAL AND COMMERCIAL PROSPERITY.



THE PRESIDENT'S CARNATION: AT PUBLIC RECEPTIONS PRESIDENT MCKINLEY USUALLY PRESENTED THE CARNATION HE WAS WEARING TO A LITTLE CHILD.





THE LATE PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY AS FIRST LIEUTENANT  
IN THE 23RD OHIO, 1863.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY, AGED TWENTY-THREE.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY AS SECOND LIEUTENANT  
IN THE 23RD OHIO, 1862.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY: A RECENT  
PORTRAIT.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY, AGED TWENTY-TWO.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY, AGED THIRTY-FOUR.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND HIS SUCCESSOR, MR. ROOSEVELT.

MRS. MCKINLEY.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S MOTHER.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S FIRST INAUGURATION, 1897: CHIEF JUSTICE FULLER ADMINISTERING THE OATH.  
PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S RECENT TOUR THROUGH THE STATES: AN ADDRESS AT REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA.  
PRESIDENT MCKINLEY POSING FOR CHILD PHOTOGRAPHERS AT EL PASO.

MR. MCKINLEY AND SENATOR PLATT.  
AN ELECTIONEERING INCIDENT.



## THE LIFE OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

Within a very few days from the date of the shooting of President McKinley, hope for his recovery had become almost sure in England, and in America his convalescence was confidently announced. The news of his death, which occurred at 2.15 a.m. (American time) on Sept. 14, came, therefore, to two continents with something of the shock experienced just one week earlier by the news of Czolgosz's insane attempt to fulfil Anarchist dreams by discharging two bullets at the chosen head of the community during his visit to Buffalo. That visit, it will be remembered, was one to which no political significance attached; and the ready access to the President afforded by the public reception he held in the Temple of Music seemed to add to the crime of murder the meanness of a confidence betrayed. Thus passes away, at the age of fifty-eight, and in the full maturity of his powers, William McKinley, twenty-fourth President of the United States, and the third of that line to die at the hand of the assassin within the last forty years.

Born at Niles, Ohio, at the beginning of 1843, he was educated at the National Schools and at the Poland (Ohio) Academy. He had turned eighteen at the outbreak of the Civil War—still the landmark in the lives of the most experienced of American publicists—and at once enlisted as a private in the Union Army. He left the army a Brevet-Major, and with the commendation of President Lincoln for his gallantry in the field. Sick as he was of war, he then embraced a profession not devoid of contests and counter-moves—the law. In 1867 he was “called,” and, before long, had the post of Prosecuting Attorney to Stark County, Ohio. Exactly thirty years ago he began his career as a member of Congress. That lasted for twenty years, and has left its mark on the legislation of the United States. People who know little else about the fiscal policy of the United States are, at any rate, aware of the McKinley Tariff—a phrase applied to the Revenue Bill of 1890, which became law when he held the post of Chairman of Ways and Means. A year passed, and Mr. McKinley had new experiences. With the Tariff controversies still ringing in the air, he was elected Governor of Ohio. Two years later, the Tariff still in question on every platform, he was re-elected by an increased majority. That meant the triumph, not merely of Mr. McKinley, but of his fiscal policy. It meant more. It meant, in fact, the White House. His nomination for the Presidency was made at a great meeting of delegates from all over the country, held at St. Louis, Missouri, in June 1896. His opponent was chosen a month later at Chicago in the person of Mr. Bryan, whose “platform” was a low Tariff, the unlimited coinage of silver, and the non-interference of the Federal authorities in local affairs, even when large national principles were in question. In November the great

working capital to carry on the great business of government. An extra Session of Congress was called, and a new Tariff was agreed upon. The feature of this measure was its imposition of high protective duties upon imports. Among the opponents of the Dingley Bill, the measure in question, are those who say that its repeal would have already been passed or assured but for one untoward event, which both distracted America from its internal affairs and placed her purse under an unexpectedly heavy strain.

This was, of course, the Spanish-American War. To what extent America was idealistic in its attitude towards the relations between Spain and the revolting Cubans, we need not now inquire. Nor need we seek to apportion with exactitude how great an ingredient was

add to the long list yet another when they read the closing chapter of the President's life, and saw with the mind's eye the watching figure of Mrs. McKinley. So far as it had been thought of at all, the parting had always been imagined in another order. The President's father was a hale man at eighty-four, and he himself had a constitution of iron—a constitution that seemed, for nearly a week of illusive hope, proof even against the deadliness of bullets. Only a few weeks ago, when the President was on tour, the illness of Mrs. McKinley increased, and for a time it seemed that she must die. Her recovery was perhaps for her the harder fate. Doubtless these personal thoughts, no less than public issues, informed those final words of the dying President: “Good-bye all; good-bye! It is God's way. His will be done.”

The simplicity of the McKinleys' early life was not abandoned at the White House. Habits to some extent had to alter; but the tastes were steadfast. Mrs. McKinley's knitting-needles still clicked perpetually, and the President, when he could not go out to a Methodist Chapel on Sunday mornings, as in the old days at Canton, at any rate had telephonic communication with a neighbouring pulpit. In the “cheerful discretion”—Mr. Stevenson's phrase—of White House Sunday evenings, hymns were read aloud and sung, the President's favourite being one of Faber's, “There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea.” On his deathbed he was heard quoting to himself the equally familiar and loved lines, “Nearer, my God, to Thee.” Fidelity to old doings was one of his marks. “I daresay you know,” he said once to an English visitor, “that for fourteen years I sat in Congress; and to this day I never drive past the House without feeling an almost unconquerable longing come over me to go to my old desk.”

Opinions might differ as to whether the President's was or was not an interesting personality, apart from his distinguished services and position. One visitor, who

found him, his frock-coat unbuttoned and his hands in his trousers pockets, said he was commonplace. To the next—who possibly caught him in his other favourite attitude, with his hands joined behind him—he recalled Napoleon. But all were agreed as to his sterling sincerity of character. He wore no mask, and in his mouth there was no dissembling. He had no mock modesty. He frankly realised and enjoyed the power and importance of his great position, just as he calmly braved its responsibilities and burdens—even to the death.

Amity between England and America, easy as a phrase and overmastering as a desire and an ideal, the late President did something to realise in practical life. Though we might lose millions by his tariffs, we never lost our confidence in his private and political goodwill. “Sometimes one country has been a bit ugly, and sometimes the other,” he said to a friend, “but, fortunately, they have never both been ugly at the same time”—thanks, once and again, to himself. The war with



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S FATHER.



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S MOTHER.

brought to the war prescription by the blowing-up—accidental or designed—of the cruiser *Maine* in Havana Harbour one February night in 1898, with the loss of over 250 marines. In a wave of national emotion, intense enough to be called passion, war was declared, finally with the approval of Mr. McKinley. His hesitations at the beginning had no weakness in them: they betokened the cautiousness of a statesman and the reluctances of a man who had seen war once and would willingly spare the experience to others. Four months sufficed to destroy the power of Spain on the seas and to reduce her army to capitulation in Cuba and the Philippines. When by protocol Porto Rico was ceded to the United States, and Spain's army was under notice to quit from her West Indian possessions, Mr. McKinley had reached a popularity which no ensuing complications and no unexpected troubles with native allies turned combatants could destroy or even divide. His re-election to the Presidency in 1900 was never a matter of doubt, although Mr. Bryan was able on that occasion to add to his programme the Anti-Extensionist policy, which is not without its attractions for American citizens still enamoured of the old traditional lines of non-intervention.

The bare outlines of the public career of the dead President do not, perhaps, enable us to form any very exact personal portrait of the man as he bore himself in daily life. Courage born of innate strength of character, and persistency taught by observation and by experience, must be assumed to be possessions of the holder of such a position as was his. Linked with these was that reticence, that aloofness even, essential to great leadership. Convention and circumstance assure it to those born in the purple, but it must come by nature or by training to the man who carves out his own way to rulership. That very impersonality, so to call it, makes more difficult any character-sketch, apart from that supplied by official records. Certainly the speeches of the politician and the President never took the turn of mental or spiritual autobiography. Elsewhere, however, we pick up hints. His early days were passed in comparative poverty. His father was a pioneer ironmaster; his mother a woman who took on herself the lowliest of domestic duties, and whose ambition for her son was that “he should not lose his religion.” His sister was a school-teacher, who had the bravery to put by her earnings so that her brother William might fulfil his ambition and go to college. So he did, exchanging books for arms, as already noted, at the outbreak of the Civil War. Those who marked the appearance of the young recruit noted the characteristics which all America later knew by sight—the medium stature and muscular build, the straight black hair, grey eyes deep-set under heavy brows, and the square chin that indicated dogged determination of character. This much he himself told us—that he looked back on those four years in the thick of the fighting as the best part of his education. The camp, he said, taught him far more than the college. There was the money trouble again when, fighting done, he began to study and qualify for the law. That was overcome; and by degrees the young lawyer was able to make his deposits in the bank at Canton, Ohio, kept by Mr. Saxton, whose daughter acted as clerk, partly, no doubt, because she was a competent one, but also because her father had “a system”—that girls should be brought up to a career that would make them independent of an inevitable marriage. Inclination, however, led Miss Ida Saxton to the altar, and the favoured suitor was the future President. The two daughters born to them both died in infancy; and their mother became an invalid. The situation was not one for words, and Mr. McKinley never used any; but those who mark the strange reversals of fate had to

THEODORE ROOSEVELT,  
NEW PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

struggle came, from which, as we all know, Mr. McKinley emerged a victor. The newer and narrower interests brought into play, destroying to a large extent the old delimitations of party, added to the uncertainty of the issue, and, proportionately, to the excitement felt as to the result. Democrats voted for Mr. McKinley's Tariff who would not otherwise have voted for Mr. McKinley; and, in the West and South especially, Mr. Bryan secured Republican support on the silver question. Six hundred thousand votes to the good, Mr. McKinley found himself on the Presidential throne—the word no longer creates controversy or calls forth disavowals—in the March of 1897.

The election over, it was the Tariff, and still the Tariff, that absorbed attention. The country, having refused the Income-tax proposals of 1894, found itself short of

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S HOUSE  
AT CANTON, OHIO.

Spain, by which North and South at last and for ever fell in whole-heartedly under one flag, did much to draw England and America into closer bonds; and how invaluable to us was America's moral support when our own war in South Africa began, the historian will fully set forth. The death of Queen Victoria gave President McKinley an opportunity to send a message of sympathy to our shores which Edward VII. has now returned. “Most truly do I sympathise,” his Majesty telegraphed to Mr. Choate, “with you and the whole American nation at the loss of your distinguished and ever-to-be-regretted President.” By that voice all England speaks; and it is not too much to say that President McKinley, who promoted the “union of hearts” between the two peoples in his life, has furthered it even in his death.



## LITERATURE.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

*A Woman Alone.* By Mrs. Clifford. (London: Methuen. 3s. 6d.)  
*Arrows of the Almighty.* By Owen Johnson. (London: Macmillan. 6s.)  
*A Set of Flats.* By Major Arthur Griffiths. (London: Milne. 3s. 6d.)  
*The Lost Key.* The Hon. Lady Acland. (London: Macqueen. 6s.)  
*From Cyprus to Zanzibar, by the Egyptian Delta.* By Edward Vizetelly. (London: Pearson. 16s.)  
*Love and His Mask.* Mémie Muriel Dowie. (London: Heinemann. 6s.)  
*The Bolivian Andes.* By Sir Martin Conway. (London and New York: Harper and Brothers. 12s. 6d.)

Of the three stories which make up Mrs. Clifford's new volume, "*A Woman Alone*," the shortest, "*Miss Williamson*," has appeared in these pages, and will be familiar to our readers. The other two, "*A Woman Alone*" and "*Marie Zelliger*," are slightly connected. The figures of Marie and her lover, the excellent Langton, who are the heroine and hero of the second, flit across the scene of the former; but otherwise the characters in each do not interact. "*Marie Zelliger*" is told with humour and tact. The important number in the volume, however, is that which gives it a title. Blanche, the "woman alone," contrasted with her English husband, is one of those sound and discreet studies in which Mrs. Clifford is so often successful. But "*A Woman Alone*" is more than a study; and it is interesting to see how the story wakens up in the last few pages, and how expertly the author makes use of the luckless Mrs. Vynor to this end. We feel that, with the entrance of this character, Mrs. Clifford saw her chance for an effective third act. She did not fail to take it.

It is difficult to say what precisely is Owen Johnson's intention in "*Arrows of the Almighty*." The novel comes from the United States—and we may note here, in passing, the increased volume of American fiction issued by our publishers. There was a time, not so long ago, when the English novel held the field on the other side of the Atlantic as well as on this; but the tables are turning, and the American product not only flourishes in its native soil, but is being transplanted here with a success that may threaten the popularity of our own article. Be that as it may, we no longer lack the opportunity of studying our American cousins in that particular form of literature which most adequately explains a people to themselves. Into "*Arrows of the Almighty*" enters incidentally the war of the North and South, and if no new light is thrown upon it, at least an old light beats more fiercely upon the dark corners where unscrupulous men made blackguard deals at the expense of their own side in the conflict. We are introduced also to some curious households and social circles—skilfully pictured—which we suppose we are justified in considering typical of the time and place. In these respects, "*Arrows of the Almighty*" is an interesting American novel. Essentially, however, so far as its motive can be grasped, it is a story of no particular country and no particular people. All countries sufficiently modern to express themselves in fiction seem to produce novels like it very plentifully. The deeper mysteries of life and death are touched with restless hands, and exercise a more morbid influence upon the characters the less adequately equipped these characters are to attempt their solution. The unrest of the philosophy (so to call it) of the story is reflected to some degree in the method of telling it. It lacks calm and form, and fusion by a clear purpose or a masterful emotion.

"*A Set of Flats*" confirms us in the belief that Major Arthur Griffiths is among the best sensational writers of the day. His writing is clear and straightforward; his descriptions vivid; the complications of his plot frequent and exciting. "*A Set of Flats*" displays the characteristic merits of its author. The mystery is kept up till within a few pages of the end, and yet we had a suspicion of the truth long before, which led us to wonder eagerly whether our surmise was correct, and so brought us breathless to the close. That is the secret of the successful story of sensation. Only in one place does the author's workmanship break down. The explanation of a mystery should always be convincing: if the explanation be trivial, we are angry at ourselves for being mystified, angry at the author for deceiving us, angry at the whole book. Now, Major Griffiths asks us to believe that a journalist, returning home and finding a dead body in the lift, decided to leave it there without raising an alarm, because he was sleepy and wanted to get to bed. If he had gone out and called a policeman, the murderer would have been caught red-handed, for he was still on the premises. But that would not have suited the author, for there would have been no complications, and therefore no plot. So he makes this journalist, who was so timid and so eager to get to bed, actually follow the criminal through the night until he falls into his clutches. The conduct of the journalist in the first instance is incredible; his conduct in the second instance is inconsistent with the reasons

given for his previous action. Apart from this flaw, however, the book is an excellent example of the sensational story.

The scene of "*The Lost Key*" is laid in Malta, and Lady Acland evidently knows her ground. If the story has no extraordinary claim to distinction on which one may lay a finger, it is at least sufficiently interesting to merit attention, and is free from those traces of careless and slipshod workmanship too often met with in stories of this class. In the opening chapters Lady Maude Beaufoy establishes herself in Malta with a rather miscellaneous household, comprising her son, her family physician, a sick relative and her husband, and a bright young girl who is a sort of *protégée*. On the way out they meet with Arthur Gordon, a young naval officer, who falls in love with Margaret; and later a Russian Count—the *machina diabolica* of the piece puts in his appearance, and he, too, succumbs to the charms of the fair Margaret. The story has also a political element, in which the Russian Count figures largely, assisted in his enterprises by Lady Browne, the wife of his principal victim, whose affection he has gained. The disagreeable Miss Jarvis makes as much mischief as an ill-natured, ill-tongued young woman can, and her portrait is all too lifelike. Throughout, we find no lack of incident, and there is no attempt to represent the conduct of the evil-doers as other than reprehensible. This is as it should be, and perhaps "wholesome" is the epithet most descriptive of Lady Acland's book. That part of the story which refers to Elinor Mainwaring is written with a womanly comprehension not often met with. Of this one would gladly welcome more.

The war-correspondent of a great newspaper has almost unrivalled facilities for seeing the world in its most interesting aspects, and, if he add to his opportunities the gifts of clear sight and clever description, he can console the many men and women who must stay at

In "*Love and His Mask*," which is from the pen of Mémie Muriel Dowie, we have a thoroughly modern "society" novel, and something more. The portraiture of the busy-idle class is exceedingly smart and diverting, but beneath it all there is an undercurrent of seriousness which gives tone to the whole. In a sense this is a war-novel, and in the front rank of such: the heroes are men distinguished at the front, and very perfect gentlemen they are—in short, a woman's heroes. The heroine, Leslie Rose, is a widow young and beautiful. "Only beautiful women learn the things that Leslie knew. . . . She knew the things she desired of men; there were many. She knew also the less interesting things they desired of her. . . . It constituted a rather dreary and disappointing sum of knowledge." We quote at large because in these sentences you have the key to the story. Leslie held that one's physical attractions barred the way to a deeper intimacy, so she selected a Brigadier-General in South Africa—personally unknown to her—to be the recipient of her confidences. How the experiment worked, and what was the end of it all, we must leave the reader to discover, only adding that at the last her woman's heart asserted itself, and made short work of her cherished theories. When her "friend" Mr. St. Aubyn Tollemache (famously known as "Toby") came home, all her doubts were resolved into certainties. Perhaps the best writing in this volume—although where all is good it is difficult to make comparisons—is to be found in the passages which relate to Toby's father, the aged and infirm Lord Bracebridge, who sent his only son to the front with such splendid courage. Mrs. Norman has insight in a rare degree, and with it the gift of expression. She has also what is rarer in a woman—the sense of humour; and some of her society sketches, notably that of Lady Warrington, who "did" her own hair, are admirably turned. A book to be read, certainly, and without a tragedy to mar it.

The record of Sir Martin Conway's travels in the Bolivian Andes makes a volume that will appeal to many classes of readers. Though Sir Martin is one of our great authorities upon the subject of mountaineering, he is not content to be a hill-climber and nothing else. He has all the interests of a well-travelled versatile man of the world, and if he finds fit subjects for discussion going to or from the mountain-range that holds the goal of his desire, he turned aside for a moment to say something worth saying about them. Consequently the book has no dull pages, and if nearly one hundred are taken to bring the author to the foot of his first great hill (Illimani), the reader finds the time well spent. Sir Martin Conway adds to a keen love for mountaineering in all its aspects the valuable and rare gift of communicating his passion for great heights to the reader who has perhaps limited his experiences to climbing Snowdon; or driving up Vesuvius to the point where the railway conquers the steepest part of the ascent. The ascent of Illimani and the attempts



THE BEACH AT ZANZIBAR.

Reproduced from "*From Cyprus to Zanzibar*," by permission of Messrs. Pearson.

home. They can realise the difficulties and danger of travel as well as its fascination, while they continue to dwell in streets lighted by electricity and patrolled by the police. Mr. Edward Vizetelly is a clever and experienced correspondent, whose work has been made known to the London public through the *Standard*, *Daily News*, and other papers of repute, and to American readers through the *New York Herald*. In "*From Cyprus to Zanzibar*" he tells us of Cyprus in the early days of British occupation, and Egypt in the years when there was a Dual Control, and France made her irreparable mistake in withdrawing her fleet before the bombardment of Alexandria paved the way for the establishment of civilisation in the land of the Pharaohs. Mr. Vizetelly remained in Alexandria during the bombardment, and after nearly twenty years his diary recording that event has power to thrill the reader. Literally a man on the spot, he not only saw the great actions that led to our practical occupation of Egypt, but he studied the events that brought the actions about. From Egypt he made his way to Zanzibar, the beach of which is represented on this page; and went inland to meet Stanley at the instance of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, of the *New York Herald*. In this work, which was very handsomely remunerated, he had no small difficulty. Bismarck in Berlin, Mr. Bennett in the States, together with many East African officials, were concerned in its ultimate accomplishment. His story told—very well told, we may add—Mr. Vizetelly reviews the Egyptian situation and makes a pertinent suggestion in connection with the Public Debt Office, which ties Lord Cromer's hands even to this day. He points out that it was created by Khedivial decree (May 1876), and remarks that another Khedivial decree ought to be good enough to abolish it. Doubtless, the Debt Office has to go, and this way should serve as well as another. There is only one exception to be taken to Mr. Vizetelly's volume: it is too frankly anti-French. There is no need to remind us of Fashoda, nor is it necessary to insist that France is the enemy, and that the day of reprisals cannot be long delayed. Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsay will find no help in their work from indiscreet writing that seems more disposed to revive agitation than to prevent it.

to pierce the seclusion of Mount Sorata will appeal most to members of the Alpine Club and their friends; but the general reader will enjoy equally the stories of Indian life and habits, the ascent and descent of the Oroya Railway, the description of the complaints like sea-sickness and whooping-cough that follow the traveller in very high regions, the condition and relative prospects of the Panama and Nicaraguan Canals, the progress of the rubber industry of Bolivia, and the condition of the mines. Sir Martin Conway has much that is interesting to say about all these subjects, and the favourable impression of Bolivia that he formed must be considered in connection with his great travel-experience in other parts of the world. At present we know very little about South America, but when a generation or two has settled the vexed question of other countries that must be part of the white man's burden, South America will be called upon to respond to the ever-increasing demands of a population that has the energy and industry denied to the native races. The Indians will have no place except as hewers of wood and drawers of water, the undeveloped mineral wealth will be attracted by modern machinery, and upon the ruins of forgotten cities new and flourishing towns will arise. So at least Sir Martin Conway appears to think. Bolivia, he says, has a great future; even now there is room for miners, agriculturalists, and all who are willing to act as civilisation's pioneers, and have the natural gifts required to enable them to put their good intentions into effect. It may be remarked that the author had to suffer most, if not all, the discomforts attendant upon travelling in an unexplored country; indeed, Sir Joseph Hooker and Mr. Ball were hardly worse off when they went to make observations in unexplored Morocco. In this connection, it is permissible to express a hope that Sir Martin Conway will turn his steps some day to the Atlas Mountains, that offer so many fair fields for the daring explorer, and contain material for many an entertaining book. The present volume is handsome and well illustrated; it is enriched with a very comprehensive appendix, that will satisfy the requirements of students of mineralogy and botany. It is one of the best specimens of a popular book on mountaineering that the last two seasons have yielded.



## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Some eight or nine months ago, a self-appointed prophet, residing, as his fellows generally do, on the Continent, predicted that in about two centuries the lunatic asylums all over the world would be empty. Lest, however, the actual generations should rejoice in anticipation of the happy condition of their posterity, he proceeded to explain, and the explanation, though short, was to the point, and did not lack a substratum of far-seeing philosophy. The madhouses would be untenanted not because there would not be any demented people, but because there would not be a sufficient number of sane folk to conduct them thither and to sequester them.

If some more than usually blatant Anarchist were to hold forth with regard to the future of his sect by pointing to the, to him, gratifying increase during the latter decade of his co-religionists in the cult of indiscriminate and universal destruction, he would apparently have reason on his side. Deny it though we may, it is increasing out of all proportion to the increase of the inhabitants of the civilised world; and though most of us may be equally inclined to close our eyes, and perhaps our minds, to the consequences of that increase, it is very certain it has already scored a first success in spreading terror through every community. At present the terror is mainly vicarious, and induced by a laudable sentiment of altruism. Anarchism, we mentally calculate, only attacks the powerful ones of this earth—reigning sovereigns and heads of States; it leaves other mortals alone. During the seven years that have elapsed since the assassination of President Carnot, there have been, including him, four victims. To the list we must now add President McKinley. The contemplated victims, fortunate enough to escape "by the skin of their teeth," were two in number—namely, King Edward VII., and the successor to the murdered Nasr-ed-Din, Shah of Persia.

Those who are constitutionally disinclined to meet trouble half-way comfort themselves, though sympathetic enough, with the fact of the successfully and unsuccessfully assailed constituting even a small fraction of the rulers of the world. This is especially the case with Englishmen, who have some seeming justification for their oft-repeated assertion about Anarchism being a plant of Continental rearing, and unlikely to take root among them. Anarchism, however, has already travelled across the Straits of Dover, albeit that, as yet, it has obtained no footing in England, as far as performance is concerned. It is merely rehearsing in London. The dramas it means to perform are up to the present intended for Continental representation.

Anarchism is the undoubtedly legitimate offspring of Nihilism, and the birthplace of the latter is unquestionably Russia. Nihilism timidly raised its head during the latter part of Nicholas the First's reign, and dogged equally timidly that monarch's footsteps. The nobles of Nicholas's Court were both its progenitors and its sponsors. Some score of years ago I met in Brussels a Russian gentleman who had been an officer in Nicholas's army and who gave me minute particulars of the conception, the gestation, and the birth of Nihilism. "In 1833," he said, "when I got my first epaulette, the slightest criticism on the Czar's doings was received in no matter what drawing-room with freezing silence. Seven years went by, during which I was quartered away from the capital. At my return things were absolutely reversed; the man who defended Nicholas from the many criticisms in this or that society gathering was looked upon with a kind of good-natured pity. Aspersions of every Government act was the prevailing tone."

That was the thin edge of the wedge, and it was driven into the minds of the middle classes with all the greater force in virtue of the drivers themselves belonging to the aristocracy. From that moment Nihilism became the positive shadow of all of Nicholas's successors, and its début produced a startling and terrifying sensation. One of the assassins of Alexander II.—a woman, be it remembered—belonged to the highest class of Russian society. Krapotkin pertains to the same section.

It would be difficult to state how many providential escapes Alexander III. had; and now his son cannot travel without being guarded in such a manner as to make his life a positive burden to him. I am not going to inquire whether the greatest dastard of all, the murderer of the American President, is affiliated to this or that secret society, or scored entirely from his own bat. On the eve of Nicholas the Second's journey to France, Czolgosz has succeeded in making that journey a voyage of martyrdom, for at the hour I write, France is literally bestrewn with detectives, and the knowledge of this cannot fail to make the young sovereign, heroic though he may be, so intensely nervous as to prevent him from resting either day or night.

This is not all. A celebrated pastellist of the eighteenth century, Latour, after having portrayed all the male and female courtiers of Louis XV., said, "Now I have done with the masters, let's come to the valets." Anarchism, when it has done with the rulers, will come to the capitalists and employers of labour, unless measures of the utmost stringency—nay, Draconian measures—be devised and carried out at once. When the Chamber of Deputies in Alphonse Karr's best time discussed the abolition of capital punishment, the intensely clever writer said: "Very well, let the assassins commence." That sentence should be borne in mind by all those who would cavil at legislation tending to destroy Anarchism root and branch. There is no reason why Anarchism should not be stamped out; but the civilised world must deal with it as England dealt with hydrophobia. Kill those who are foaming at the mouth with Anarchism; muzzle those who are known to be their habitual associates. Lenient physicians make festering wounds.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

F BENNETT (Ivybank, North Queensland).—We accept No. 2 for publication. No. 1 we do not care for.

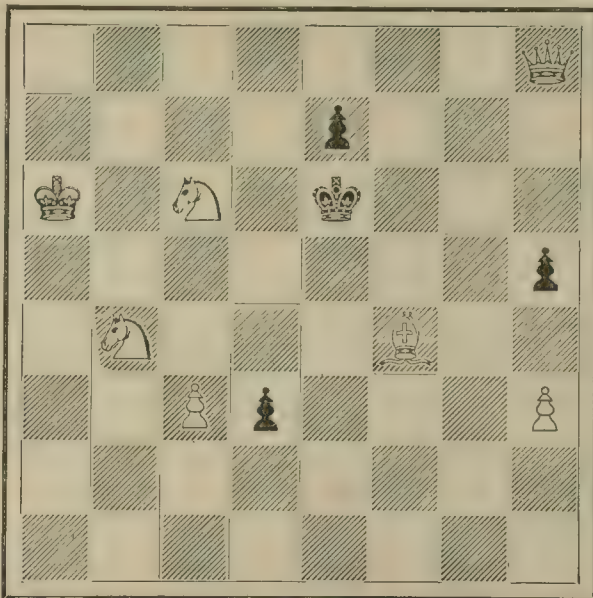
CHEVALIER DESANGES.—Your problem is a little marred, as usual, by duals, but it shall appear.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NOS. 2986 and 2987 received from C A M (Penang); of No. 2988 from R. Charles (Teldeniya, Ceylon); of No. 2989 from M. Shaida Ali Khan (Rampur) and Richard Burke; of No. 2991 from R. Pratesi (Perim Island), and Gertrude M. Field (Athol, U.S.A.); of No. 2992 from F B (Worthing), Disco, and J. Bailey (Newark); of No. 2993 from R. Worters (Canterbury), Reginald Gordon, Martin F. Thomas Dawes (Forest Gate), and H. Le Jeune.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2994 received from J W (Campsie), T. Roberts, H S Brandreth (Copenhagen), L. Desanges, H. Le Jeune, Charles Burnett, Henry A. Donovan (Listowel), Edward J. Sharpe, F W Moore (Brighton), C E Perugini, Sorrento, J A S Hanbury (Moseley), Albert Wolff (Putney), J. Jotcliam (Wotton-under-Edge), Edith Corser (Reigate), Frank Shrubsole (Faversham), E J Winter Wood, W A Lillico (Newcastle), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), J D Tucker (Ilkley), F Glover, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Alpha, L. Penfold, Clement C. Danby, and Shadforth.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2993.—By H. D'O. BERNARD.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. B to R 8th. Any move  
2. Mates.

PROBLEM No. 2996.—By BANARSI DAS (Moradabad).  
BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played between Messrs. A. E. SWAFFIELD and W. McMARTIN.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. S.) BLACK (Mr. McM.)  
1. P to K 4th P to K 3rd  
2. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th  
3. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd  
4. P to K 5th K Kt to Q 2nd  
5. Q to Kt 4th P to Q R 3rd  
Black need not anticipate any danger from White's Kt to Kt 5th or B to Kt 5th at this stage. P to K B 4th is good enough, or even P to Q B 4th at once.  
6. Kt to B 3rd P to Q B 4th  
7. P takes P Kt takes B P  
Here Kt to Q B 3rd is useful, threatening Kt takes K P. Some of Black's other opening moves are susceptible to criticism.  
8. B to K 3rd K Kt to Q 2nd  
9. Castles Kt to Q B 3rd  
10. Q to Kt 3rd P to K Kt 3rd  
11. B to K 2nd B to Kt 2nd  
12. B to K B 4th Castles  
13. P to K R 4th P to K R 4th  
14. K R to K sq Kt to B 4th  
15. Kt to K Kt 5th P to Q Kt 4th  
16. K Kt to K 4th  
With a view, of course, to establishing Kt to Q 6th, which would be very strong.

WHITE (Mr. S.) BLACK (Mr. McM.)  
16. Kt to Q 2nd  
17. B to Kt 5th Q to B 2nd  
18. Kt to B 6th (ch) K to R sq  
19. P to K B 4th B takes Kt  
It is very seldom good to exchange this defensive Bishop where the King is Castled.  
20. B takes B (ch) Kt takes B  
21. P takes Kt R to Q sq  
22. Q to Kt 5th K to R 2nd  
23. B to Q 3rd  
B takes P is sound, but Black will decline the offer. The text-move was considered more effective, and Black cannot get away from the attack.  
23. R to R sq  
24. Kt takes Q P Q to Q sq  
25. Kt to K 7th Q takes B  
An alarming sacrifice, but Q takes P (ch) is threatened, as well as B takes P (ch).  
26. R takes Q B to Kt 2nd  
27. R takes K P Kt to Kt 5th  
28. R to Q 7th B to Q 4th  
29. Kt takes Kt P B takes R  
30. Kt to B 8th (ch) R takes Kt  
31. Q to Kt 7th, Mate.

## CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played by Correspondence between Mr. H. W. RHEA (Kansas) and Mr. C. W. KAYSER (Boston).

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. R.) BLACK (Mr. K.)  
1. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th  
2. P to Q B 4th P to K 3rd  
3. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd  
4. B to Kt 5th B to K 2nd  
5. P to K 3rd Castles  
6. K R to B 3rd Q Kt to Q 2nd  
7. Q to Q 3rd R to K sq  
8. Q to B 2nd P to B 3rd  
9. P to K R 4th  
In a correspondence game it would appear at first sight that such a move is risky, but it is not easy to find an attack at this stage of the opening.  
9. P takes P  
P to K R 3rd is better, and guards against B takes P (ch). Black should aim at getting into a position to advance P to K 4th, which is always good in this game.  
10. B takes P P to Kt 4th  
11. B to Q 3rd P to Kt 5th  
12. Kt to K 4th R to Kt sq  
13. R to Q sq P to Kt 6th  
14. P takes P Q to R 4th (ch)  
15. K to K 2nd B to R 3rd  
The object is to break down White's attack, but as a matter of fact the Bishop's check would mean little in any case. White, however, now gets and maintains the  
advantage of Pawns, and that is usually enough.  
16. B takes Kt P takes B  
17. Q takes P Kt to Kt 3rd  
18. Q to B 7th Kt to B sq  
19. Q to K B 4th Kt to Q 4th  
20. Q to R 6th (ch) K to Kt sq  
21. Q Kt to Kt 5th  
This attack is well planned. Black cannot reply P takes Kt at once, because of R P takes P, etc.  
21. Kt to B 5th (ch)  
22. P takes Kt B takes B (ch)  
23. R takes B P takes Kt  
24. Kt to K 5th  
To shut off the Queen from the defence by Q to B 4th.  
24. R to Kt 3rd P to Kt 5th  
25. Kt takes P P to B 4th  
26. Kt takes P Q to R 3rd (ch)  
27. K to Q 2nd Q to R 4th (ch)  
28. K to B 2nd K R to B sq (ch)  
29. K to Kt sq P takes Kt  
30. R takes P (ch) K to B 2nd  
31. R to Kt 7th (ch) K to K sq  
32. Q takes K P O to B 4th (ch)  
33. O takes Q K to Q sq  
34. Q to K 6th Resigns.

Visitors to the Church Congress at Brighton will find much to interest them in the Ecclesiastical Art Exhibition, which Mr. John Hart has organised. This exhibition, as the Bishop of Newcastle remarked last year, has become a necessary part of the Congress, and is especially valuable as showing the practical work which the Church is doing. The Missions to Seamen, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and the various clergy charities are well represented. The guide to the Exhibition has been prepared with much care, and Canon Benham has supplied archaeological notes on Sussex.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

When Longfellow penned his famous line in "The Psalm of Life," advising us to "learn to labour and to wait," I do not suppose the poet had any special intention of referring to the work to which science addresses and devotes its energies. That work, needless to say, is the discovery of the truth. No men know better than do scientists that waiting is as necessary as labouring in respect of their investigations. They have frequently to suspend their own labours in order that other experiments may be conducted by way of aiding, confirming, or refuting their conclusions. It is only ignorant or prejudiced persons (the latter are mostly ignorant, of course) who tell us that science has no business to have failures to record at all. Doing nothing themselves to advance knowledge, they either cannot or will not understand that in investigations of all kinds each step has to be tried and tested, each item of evidence weighed and considered, and each conclusion verified before the sum total can be added as a contribution to the solid edifice of scientific fact.

It is the waiting that is often the hardest part of the work of the man of science, and waiting, indeed, is always wearisome, whether it is represented in the laboratory or on the platform of a railway-station. Yet hope is a reliable medicine for the ennui of the investigator, and it sometimes happens that his reward is not very long delayed. I lighted upon an illustration in point a week or two gone by. Some time since, in the course of a friendly exchange of opinions regarding things alleged to be of supernormal interest, my friend Mr. Andrew Lang referred me to his own account (and to the histories of actual observers) of a certain apparently mystical ceremony practised at Tahiti, and entitled the "fire-walking" rite. I was referred to this matter as one which was decidedly mysterious, and as one regarding which no adequate scientific explanation was forthcoming.

I have learned a lesson or two, I hope, in the gentle art of waiting. I have seen not a few mysteries exploded when some competent person undertook their investigation, and so I admitted frankly that I at least could offer no explanation of the Tahiti "fire-walk," any more than I can explain now the alleged ceremonies of Assouan and elsewhere, in which the devotees are asserted to stab themselves with knives without afterwards exhibiting any signs or traces of wounding. There are also the elements of exaggeration and of incorrect observation to be taken into account when we are dealing with cases of alleged supernormal kind. But apart from discounting any recitals, I admit science is bound to examine the details presented. I am waiting hopefully, I may add, in the case of the Assouan affair, and my patience shall be equal to my hope.

The Tahiti ceremony, divested as regards description of extraneous details, may be simply described. Stones are heated in an oven for hours until they are believed to be red hot. Some of them undoubtedly do reach this pitch of temperature. Then a pathway is constructed of the stones. The priest, after a series of incantations, walks barefoot across this "primrose path," followed by acolytes, and their feet exhibit no traces of burning. Europeans have trodden this fiery path also, and in the latest account, the leather of their soles did not suffer. The idea here, of course, is that something entirely supernormal exists in the way of conditions, so that the subjects pass through the fire, as it were, without harm. There is a suspicion of the conjuring-trick about this proceeding, or, to put the matter more justly, a suspicion of "native magic." Magic is one thing, however, and supernaturalism another. Now, the Tahiti "fire-walk" has been referred to the "magic" category. It is as interesting a display, in its own way, as the more elaborate mysteries of my friend Mr. Maskelyne. Both belong to the same order of things.

It happened that Professor S. Langley, a distinguished American scientist, of the Smithsonian Institution, had occasion to call at Tahiti on his voyage homewards. He saw a "fire-walk." He witnessed the heating of the stones. He saw the procession led by the priest, an old performer in his way. He also saw an American walk across without burning his shoes, and he investigated the circumstances with the care and precision of a scientific mind. There is a little item in the Professor's account (which will be found published in full in *Nature* of a few weeks back) which struck me as singularly interesting. The engineer of the steamer told Mr. Langley that he had seen natives resting barefooted on steam-pipes at a temperature of between 240 and 300 degrees without exhibiting uneasiness. This fact is a useful preliminary, because it shows, first of all, that the epidermis of the sole in Tahiti is normally much less sensitive than is our own. Taking a typical stone from the "fire-walk," the Professor plunged it into a bucket of water. So bad a conductor of heat was it that it boiled the water for some twelve minutes. The loss of water through evaporation was duly measured; and subsequently in his laboratory at home, Professor Langley submitted the stone to a prolonged and careful examination.

The gist of that inquiry goes to show that this stone, of volcanic type, being, as has been said, a very bad conductor of heat, could be made practically red hot at one end while it remained cool at the other, or exceedingly hot below and cool above. Herein lies the sole mystery of the "fire-walk." When the observers think the priest and his devotees are treading on fiery stones, they are really walking on a pathway which, while it may be hot, is bearable enough in its way. The stones are not heated above to any degree which the native feet or civilised leather cannot withstand. Thus goes by the board another supernormalism. Spiritualism is already in the depths of the sea reserved for exploded frauds; and if we live and wait we shall see a good many other mysteries take the same direction.



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1. REMAINS OF WOLVESLEY CASTLE, THE SITE OF KING ALFRED'S PALACE.

2. STATUE OF ALFRED AT WANTAGE, HIS BIRTHPLACE.

3. OLD SAXON BRIDGE OVER THE PARRET AT BRIDGWATER, NEAR THE BATTLEFIELD OF ETHANDUNE, WHERE ALFRED DEFEATED THE DANES.

4. SAXON HERRING-BONE MASONRY AT WOLVESLEY.

5. THE OLD WEST GATE, WINCHESTER, VISITED BY THE CELEBRANTS OF THE ALFRED MILLENNARY.

6. ALLER CHURCH, WHERE GUTHRUM AND HIS DANES RECEIVED BAPTISM AS A CONDITION OF PEACE WITH ALFRED.





1. THE START.

2. THE FINISH.

3. MR. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD'S DORICLES, THE WINNER.

THE ST. LEGER.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE COURSE FOR THE AMERICA CUP: "SHAMROCK II." ACCOMPANIED BY THE "ERIN" ON ONE OF HER TRIAL SPINS, NEARING THE SANDY HOOK LIGHTSHIP, THE STARTING AND FINISHING POINT OF CUP RACES

DRAWN BY JOSEPH BECKER, NEW YORK.

*This picture, taken from Government Station at Navesink Highlands, shows the sailing-course of the Cup races, the famous Sandy Hook, and the approaches to New York Harbour, with the entrance to the "Narrows" in the background on the left.*



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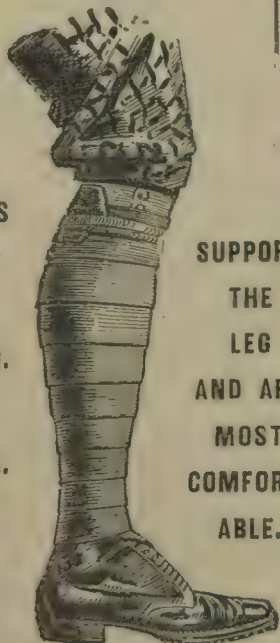
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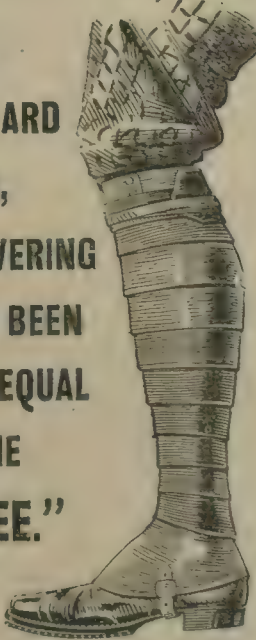


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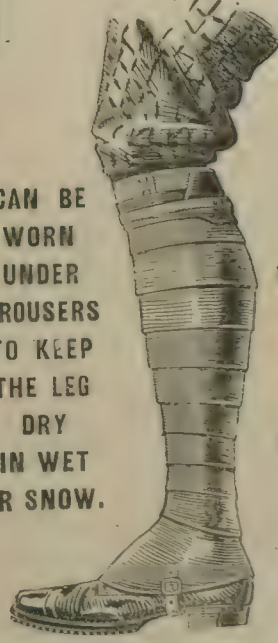


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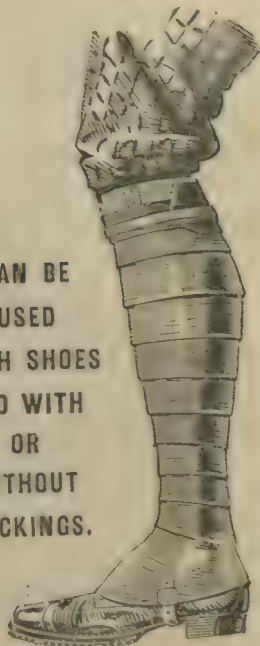
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## LADIES' PAGES.

It will greatly rejoice the kind heart of the Queen to learn, what the report of the London Hospital has made known to the public, that the light-treatment for lupus that her Majesty generously paid the expenses of installing has produced such cures as to appear "almost miracles." The Danish physician who has discovered the wonderful effects of pouring on the skin afflicted with this complaint a powerful flood of light from the electric lamp, out of which some of the coloured rays of the spectrum are, as it were, strained, has also recently announced that the marking of the skin in smallpox can be prevented by making all the light that falls on the face of the patient red. This is his "discovery," no doubt; but, strange to say, it was known hundreds of years ago. It was in those benighted times the invariable custom to admit light to the sick-room only through red hangings for smallpox patients of enough importance to be troubled over in respect to their looks. This practice has long been a matter of ridicule. How odd if, after all, it turns out to be truly the best way of preserving the appearance!

Swimming is one of the most useful athletic exercises, since it not only affords the swimmer general muscular exertion perhaps better than any other form of exercise, but it may be useful some time in order to preserve one's own life or that of others. Only this week I read in a Welsh paper of a gallant effort made to rescue a drowning lad by a lady, which failed after all because she could not swim. There has been a great improvement in respect of the facilities for learning to swim for women in quite recent years. The popularity of the Bath Club with young ladies of the highest position has been one cause of the improved arrangements for the opening of swimming-baths generally to women. Still, there is much room for improvement in this respect. Women who pay a large proportion of the rates from which these baths are supported do not even yet receive a fair share of their use. Within a radius of two or three miles from Charing Cross, some swimming-bath can now be found open to ladies for every day of the week, but generally it is only for a few hours; the whole of the rest of the time it is reserved for men. The delightful Westminster Bath, near the Abbey, for instance, requires the ladies to have all left at noon—inconveniently early. Nor do I know of more than one of the rate-supported baths that is open to women in the evenings—that is to say, at the only time when the great company of working girls, clerks and dressmakers and the rest of those who must work at fixed hours, could avail themselves of the opportunity. The honourable exception is the St. George's parish, Buckingham Palace Road, swimming-bath. However, the improvement of the past gives ground for hopes that future arrangements will be yet more fair to our sex; and here are two interesting facts germane to the subject: The



AN INDOOR DRESS OF CLOTH STRAPPED WITH VELVET.

Amateur Swimming Association has decided to organise a contest for the Ladies' Swimming Championship of England; the first contest will take place at the Westminster Baths on Sept. 28. And two ladies in company have not merely copied the exploit of Leander, that Lord Byron was so excessively proud of having imitated, but have "gone one better"—for they have swum the Hellespont at its widest part, where it is two miles broad, while Byron followed Leander across that strait only from Sestos to Abydos, which is about a mile. One of these accomplished swimmers is an Englishwoman, Miss Wood, the daughter of Vice-Admiral Wood; and the other is a German.

We all ought to be very much obliged to the few ladies who give themselves the trouble to contest the exactions of and impositions that flourish in the region of domestic service. Unfortunately, most of us feel it so far preferable to be fleeced of a few shillings than to go to the trouble and annoyance of protecting our interests, and upholding what we know to be just, in a court of law, that we encourage wrong-doing by our easiness. Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, the novelist, has set a good example by refusing to pay the fee of a registry office from which a girl had been sent to her as a skilled cook, while in reality totally unable to perform the duties of such a situation, as she had herself admitted by accepting the place of kitchenmaid in Mrs. Steel's house at precisely half the wages that were offered for a cook. Mrs. Steel won the case; and if more of us were equally courageous, the annoyance and loss caused by similar conduct on the part of registry-office keepers would cease. In another case heard in Surrey recently, Lady Fenton had had the resolution to refuse to pay wages in lieu of notice to a cook who had recently entered her service, and who, on being rebuked for dirtiness, took her revenge by not getting any dinner ready for the family and a guest on Sunday evening. This woman had been taken as Lady Fenton's cook out of a charitable institution, and it is to be presumed that Mrs. Steel's girl had no reference to give, except that of the registry-office keeper. This is all illustrative of the pass that we have come to at this beginning of the twentieth century, by reason of our incapacity for organisation. It is far more important that we should have training-homes to enable poor girls to learn domestic work than it is, for instance, that we should supply the funds for efforts to reclaim dipsomaniacs. Yet women have raised thousands of pounds for inebriate-homes, and have not arranged for any domestic schools, on a scale commensurate with the need, and open to girls who want technical training for a short time and not charitable maintenance. Things are coming to a worse pass every month.

That new joint which the wearied housekeeper often wishes to discover is, I

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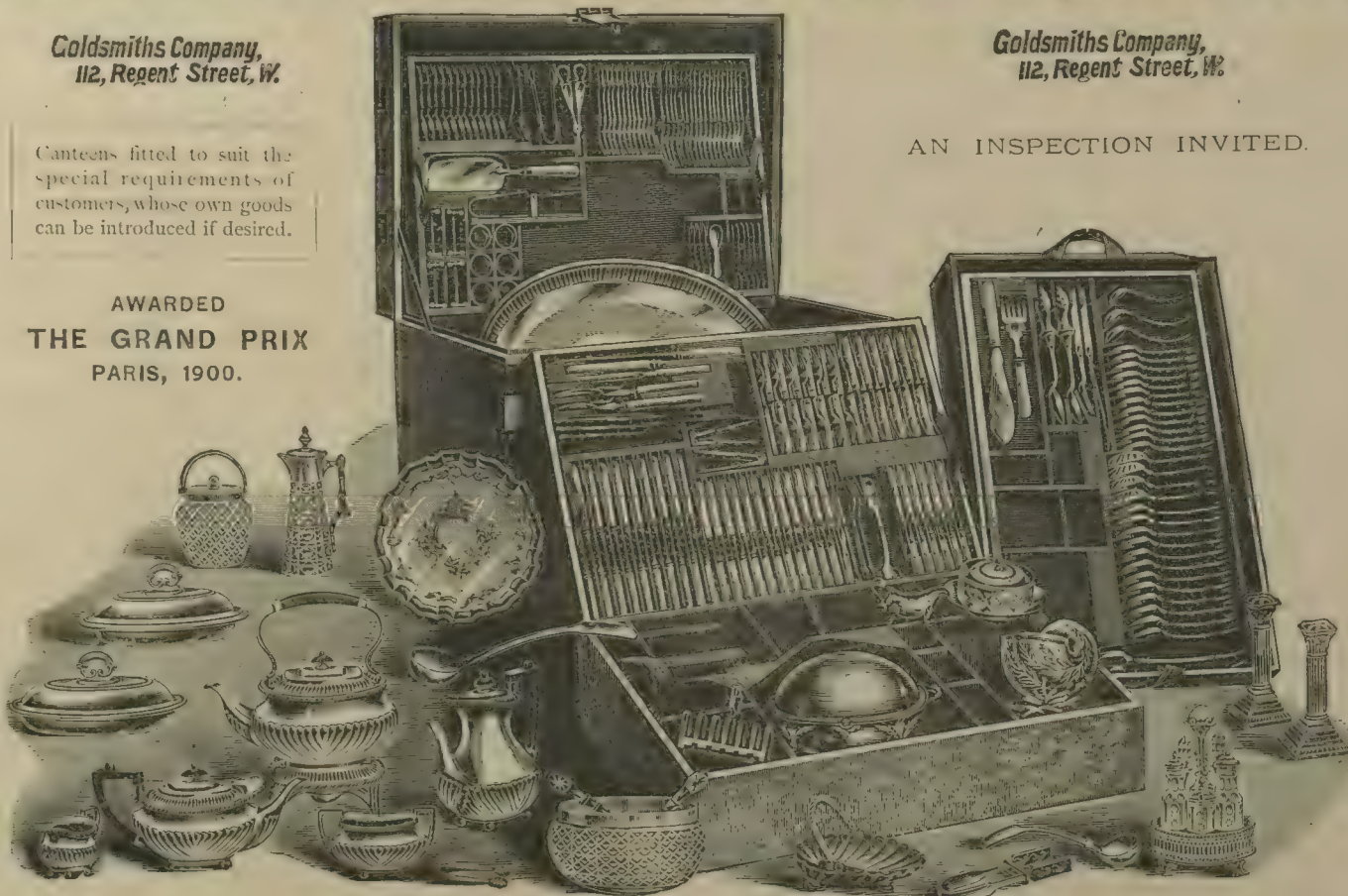
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Dear Sirs, I am sending you a photo of my little boy, who was born one year and ten months ago, and brought up with MELLIN'S FOOD. I have a baby three months, and I hope to bring her up on the same.

Yours truly,  
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Dear Sirs,—I have great pleasure in sending you my baby's photo. He is seven months old, and when he was born was often the most difficult to wash him. At five weeks old he had nineteen convulsions in eight hours, and was laid out for dead. Again at ten weeks, he had sixteen more. Then I tried MELLIN'S FOOD, with this result, and feel I cannot speak too highly of your food. Several of my friends are using it now, after seeing my boy, and I shall always recommend it.

Yours faithfully,  
M. GIDDINGS.



TO HIS MAJESTY THE

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fear, out of the pale of probability; but as a new animal has lately been discovered in the centre of Africa, it cannot be said to be absolutely impossible. The "Okapi" has the body of a horse, hind-quarters striped like those of a zebra, and a neck portentously long like that of a giraffe. He is not, be it understood, in the market, but only to be seen stuffed at South Kensington Museum. But in the way of vegetables there is quite a good supply just now at Covent Garden of what is to us English housekeepers a novelty—namely, green Indian corn. It is a delicious dish; to be eaten alone like asparagus, and with a plain sauce of butter oiled. It is boiled till soft, and then each cone is scored down with a knife, and held at each end and nibbled off, squirrel fashion. It is cheap—about two shillings the dozen heads. It seems that it grows quite well in England, and, of course, the ordinary maize is the seed.

Few people know how much of our present supply of both fruits and vegetables has come to us from abroad—as green corn does from America—and in comparatively recent times. Cauliflowers came from Spain with Catherine of Aragon, as the name, col-y-flor, indicates; and that Queen also introduced to us lettuces, which were sent for from France when she first wanted a salad. Raleigh, as "every schoolboy knows," first introduced the potato in James the First's time; and runner-beans were also brought from America about the same period, being grown at first merely for their pretty flowers. Peas and broad beans figure in the household expenses' book of one of King John's daughters, and so do onions and parsley; but that is all in the vegetable line. Our ancestresses used to have certain vegetables that are now extinct or disused.

One great advantage we of this day have over our predecessors is in the number and excellence of the manufactured articles that aid us in the preparation of food. Messrs. Bird's special manufactures, their custard-powders, egg-powders, jellies, and other preparations that are associated with their name, are as familiar as they are serviceable to all good housekeepers. The adventurous men who have set forth on the new Arctic expedition are supplied with large quantities of all these articles, and will often have reason to bless the name of Bird for the luxuries.

Tailed coats are our lot for our tailor-made dresses this autumn. It is really time that the bolero moved off the scene to some extent. The new coats are close-fitting to the figure, and an inch or two below the waist-line the basque is put on, in the fashion long known as "Newmarket." Now, the addition of wide cuffs and hip-pockets embroidered or faced with velvet is considered to justify



AN INDOOR GOWN OF SOFT CLOTH.

calling these coats "Louis XV."; but to make them truly of that genre, a fancy vest is needed, and this would detract too much from the warmth to be permissible at this season. But what's in a name? The three-quarter coat that fits well over the hips is the season's first choice, call it what we will. These coats are being made as dress-bodices to the tailor gowns, be it understood, as well as in outdoor wraps pure and simple. Embroideries upon the tails of the coats were worn in the Louis period, but this would be considered out of place at present except in those fanciful garments, tea-jackets, for which no decoration seems excessive. Some of the new coats have a short front with a postilion-basque behind; others have a long tail to the coat sweeping over the skirt, deeper than three-quarter length behind and cut off slopingly towards the front. All these coat-bodices can, of course, be replaced by blouses for indoor wear with the same skirt, and for the autumn this is very convenient; the coat of the warm material is put on without a blouse beneath for the morning promenade, and a blouse is slipped on after coming in. Roman satin and velveteen are fashionable materials; flannels, too, are so pretty now in colour and design that they can be worn by the most fastidious. A smart blouse in grey velveteen is brightened by collar and undersleeves of scarlet silk. A black jet-studded elastic belt softens down a pink flannel. A printed flannel in shades of blue has a wide square collar of écu muslin edged with lace and a cuff to match. Sacque-backed coats are well worn for travelling, and I find a great many of these are being made up in furs. A fitting fur is not always successful; it seems to enlarge too much all but very slender, graceful figures.

Our Illustrations show the bolero still triumphant on indoor gowns of soft cloth. The capuchin scarf that decorates the shoulders of the one that is strapped with ribbon velvet lightens the effect very prettily. The other dress is tabbed and tucked in an original fashion, and has a collar of thick lace, with velveteen waistbelt and tie.

Messrs. Gautier Frères, whose very fine old Cognac is valued by connoisseurs of such matters, have made an excellent new departure that will be appreciated by travellers, men out on the moors, and all exposed to the liability of long fasts and the need of stimulant. They are putting up their very fine liqueur brandy in small glass flasks, each provided with a nickel-plated drinking-cup attached an excellent plan.

The Santa Claus Home is for poor children suffering from hip and spinal diseases. These sad cases are of too long duration to be kept in hospitals, and many of the suffering little creatures have no homes where they can be properly nursed. The Home is worked entirely by volunteers, and there are no office expenses. Subscriptions are sadly needed, and will be gratefully received by the Misses Charles, the Santa Claus Home, Cholmeley Park, Highgate, N. FILOMENA.

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It is difficult to properly describe the Aeolian. Although built on the organ principle in so far as the sounds are produced by pipes or reeds, it forms in itself a complete orchestra, introducing by means of stops imitations of the various orchestral instruments. This it does with a fidelity and truthfulness that has never before been accomplished by any musical instrument, and can only be equalled by an orchestra of well trained musicians.

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They keep 'em Burglars well in sight.  
Nights dark and drear—we do longer fear,  
CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" Night Lights burn as clear—as Daylight.

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When nights are dark, Then think of Clarke, Who's hit the mark precisely.  
For his night lights Create bright nights, In which you see quite nicely.

CLARKE'S "PYRAMID"

NIGHT LIGHTS

THE "BURGLAR'S HORROR" CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" & "FAIRY" LIGHT CO. LTD. LONDON N.W.

CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NURSERY LAMP FOOD-WARMERS,  
The Standard Nursery Lamp used during FOUR generations  
by Her late Majesty The Queen and her humblest subjects.

CLARKE'S  
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Pyramid LAMP

FOOD WARMER  
AND  
BED TRAY

**DIRECTIONS FOR FIXING.**

Place the Clips round the bed-post, insert the Thumb-screw in the square hole at the end of same and screw as tightly as possible. The Clips being of spring steel they will fit any size post. A little cloth or wash-leather should be placed round the bed-post to prevent scratching the post.

CLARKE'S  
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THE SHADED PART  
REPRESENTS THE  
PLASTER FIRE-PROOF CASE.

**CAUTION.**

**TO PREVENT BURGLARIES.**

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WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD  
SOLD EVERYWHERE  
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

Letters of administration, *pendente lite*, of part of the estate of Mr. Robert Arthington, of Teignmouth, Devon, and formerly of Leeds, who died on Oct. 9 last, have just been granted to John Edmund Whiting, Samuel Southall, John Town, and Alfred Henry Baynes, the value of such part of the property being £430,356.

The will (dated July 24, 1898), with two codicils (dated Dec. 14, 1900, and July 18, 1901), of Mr. Edwin Savory Houlder, of Ingress Abbey, Greenhithe, Chairman of Houlder Brothers and Co., Limited, shipowners, 146, Leadenhall Street, who died on July 29, was proved on Sept. 6 by Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Houlder, the widow, and Maurice Charles Houlder, the son, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £112,344. The testator bequeaths £1000, and his household furniture, pictures, plate, carriages and horses, to his wife; and £10,000 to his son Maurice Charles. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life or widowhood; and then as to £150 per annum to his daughter Gertrude Mary while a spinster, and the ultimate residue in equal shares for all his children.

The will (dated Dec. 6, 1900) of Mr. Arthur Albert Best, J.P., of Liskeard, Caterham Valley, and of Messrs. Keevil and Best, Cow Cross Street, E.C., who died on July 21, was proved on Sept. 7 by Mrs. Fanny Best, the widow, and Arthur Edward Best, the son, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £93,401. The testator gives £500 and his household furniture to his

wife; £1000 to Richard Starkey; and £100 each to Richard John Garlick and Alexander Kelsey. During the widowhood of his wife the income of his residuary estate is to be paid to her, less one sixth of the profits of his business for his son Arthur Edward; but should she again marry she is to receive an annuity of £300 and one half of such profits paid to his son. Subject thereto he leaves his property between his children.

The will (dated Nov. 28, 1900) of Mr. John Slingsby, J.P., of Ravenshaw, Skipton-in-Craven, Yorkshire, who died on April 3, has been proved by Frederick William Slingsby and John Arthur Slingsby, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £91,915. The testator gives and devises his mansion-house called Ravenshaw, with the lands and premises at or near Carleton, to his son John Arthur; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his two sons in equal shares.

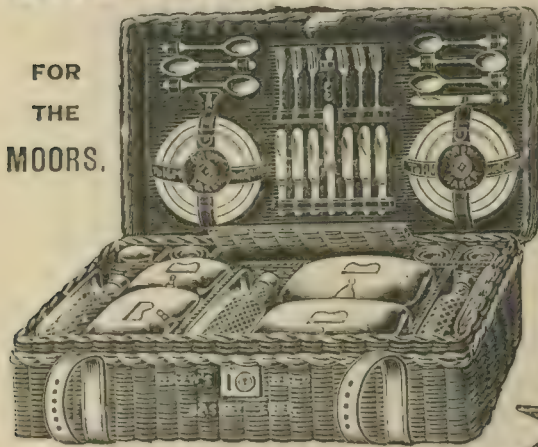
The will (dated June 29, 1900) of Mr. William Thomas Alexander Pattison, of 7, Crescent Place, Plymouth, who died on July 28, was proved on Sept. 3 by John Henry Wilson and William Waddon Martyn, the executors, the value of the estate being £72,467. The testator bequeaths £1000, his household furniture, and an annuity of £500, to his wife; £1000 to his cousin Mary Moline; £200 each to his executor; £375 each to Percy Moline, Isabel Moline, and Blanche Moline, Louis Haines, Herman Haines, and Reginald Haines.

and Henry and Hugh Daubeney; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves as to one third to Laurence, John, Philip, Henry, and Robert Martyn; one third, upon trust, for Mrs. Anne Mabile Martyn for life, and then for her children; and the remaining one third as to one moiety for William Waddon Martyn absolutely, and the other moiety, upon trust, for him for life, and then for his children.

The will (dated July 14, 1901) of Mr. John Robert Douglas Hickie, of 58, Foxglove Road, Beckenham, and 22, Billiter Street, E.C., merchant, who died on Aug. 11, was proved on Sept. 7 by Mrs. Edith Louise Hickie, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £57,615. The testator gives £500 to his governess, Emily Lucas; and £500, his property at Broadstairs, and the income, for life, of his residuary estate to his wife. On her death, his property is to be held, upon trust, for his daughter, for life, and then as she shall appoint.

The will (dated May 12, 1899), with two codicils (dated Aug. 2, 1900, and May 20, 1901), of Mr. John William Yates, of Glenthorn, Erdington, Warwick, who died on May 21, was proved on Aug. 8 at the Birmingham District Registry by Henry Walker and John Hartley Yates, the son, the executors, the value of the estate being £57,246. The testator gives £300, part of his household furniture, and an annuity of £300 to his wife, Mrs. Fanny Yates; his freehold property at Bentley Heath to his son John Hartley; and £50 each to his executors. The residue

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size. { If with all Fittings Silver-Plated, £4 10s.  
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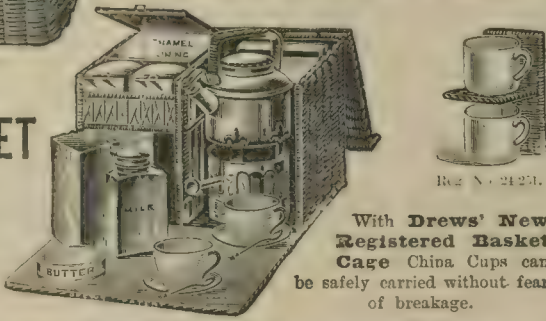
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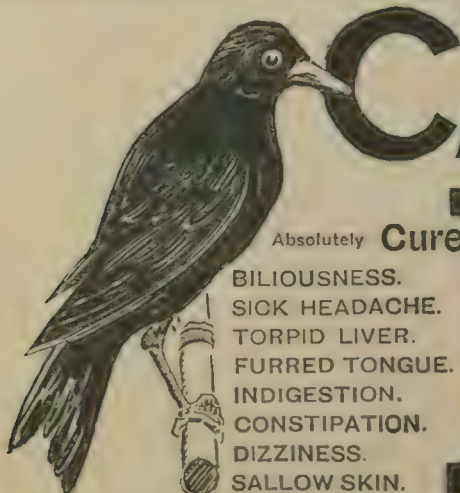
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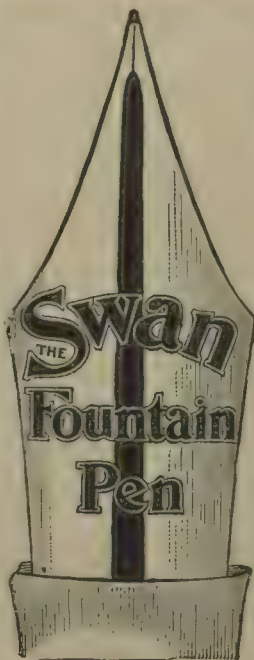
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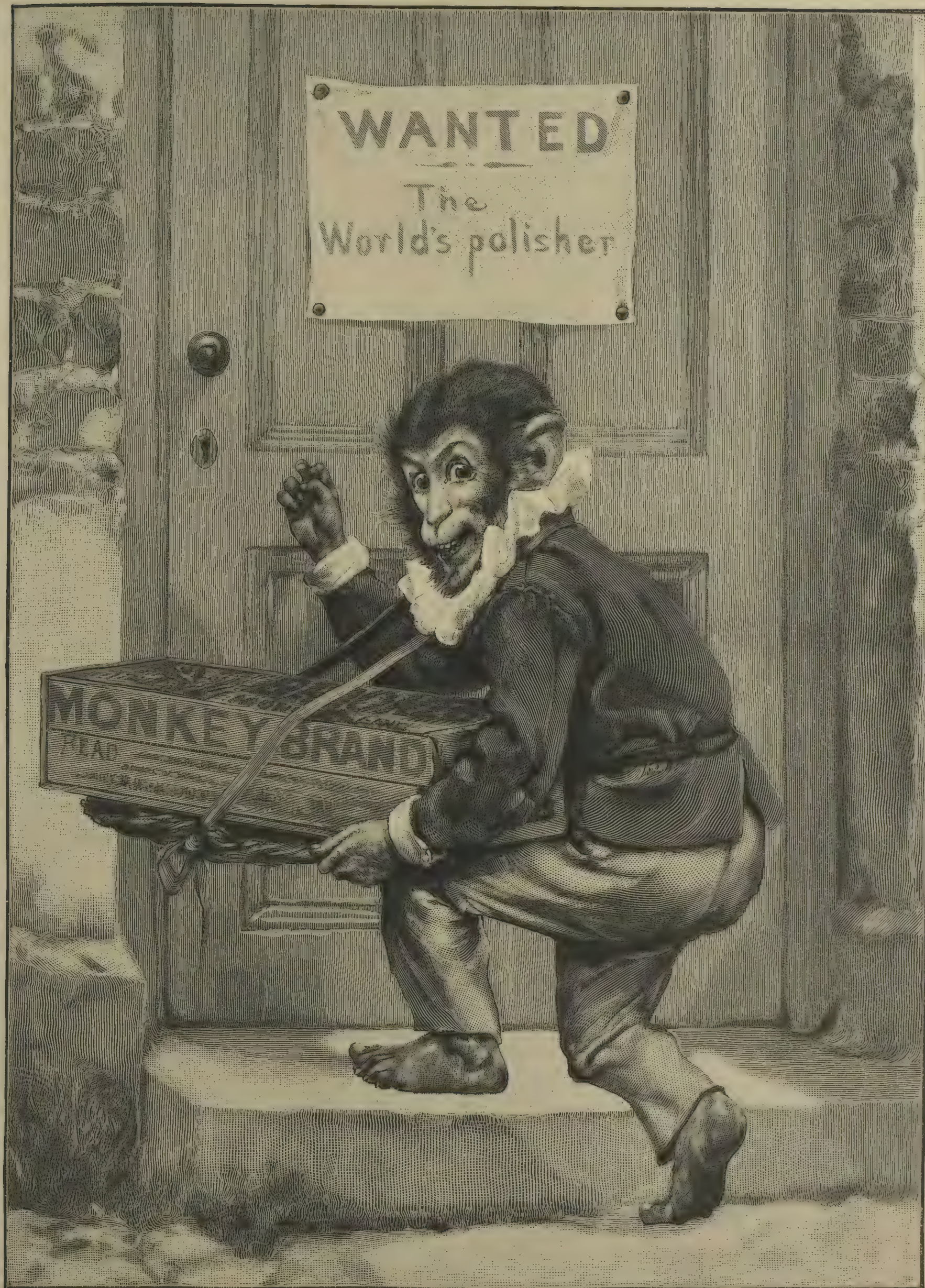
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of his property he leaves to his children, the share of his son Henry Howard not to exceed £6000.

The will (dated Dec. 10, 1875) of Mr. Granville Richard Ryder, of 60, Ennismore Gardens, and Fisherton Delamere House, Wylye, Wilts, M.P. for Salisbury 1874 to 1880, who died on Aug. 3, was proved on Sept. 9 by Mrs. Sibylla Sophia Ryder, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate amounting to £50,165. The testator leaves all his estate to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated June 4, 1891) of Mr. Joseph Charles Mappin, of 9, Brunswick Square, Brighton, who died on Aug. 15, was proved on Sept. 9 by Mrs. Mary Kate Mappin, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £33,972. The testator bequeaths £3300 and his household furniture to his wife; £210 to his nephew Wilson Mappin; and £100 to James Roland Hewitt. The residue of his property he leaves, on trust, for his wife while she remains his widow, or of one fourth thereof should she again marry. On her death or remarriage, the ultimate residue is to be divided between his children by her, his two daughters by his first marriage being suitably provided for.

The Great Central Railway announce that on Saturday, Sept. 28, they will run an excursion for three, five, or eight days from London (Marylebone) to nearly two

hundred places in the Midlands, Lincolnshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the north-eastern district. Full particulars can be obtained from the station-master at Marylebone, and from all Great Central stations and agency offices. The excursion tickets will be issued to, among other places, Accrington, Bradford, Carlisle, Cleethorpes, Chester, Darlington, Goole, Grimsby Docks, Guide Bridge, Halifax, Hull, Huddersfield, Leicester, Liverpool, Manchester, Nottingham, Loughborough, Rugby, Sheffield, Stockport, and Warrington. Every Saturday in September the Great Central Railway are running from Marylebone cheap three, eight, ten, fifteen, or seventeen days' excursions to Grimsby, Cleethorpes, Liverpool, Blackpool, Scarborough, Whitby, Douglas (Isle of Man), and other places.

The approaching Coronation has revived much heraldic lore, and in the important matter of coronets for the ceremonial the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, is well beforehand with its illustrated catalogue, printed in colours. The book, which is daintily bound, contains an accurate representation, approved by the College of Heralds, of the coronets worn by peers of every rank, with a proper heraldic description of each. Needless to say, the company is prepared to produce these symbolic baubles with the highest skill of which the craft is capable, against the great event of next June.

## A RUSSIAN NOVEL IN ENGLISH.

In Merejkowski's "Death of the Gods" (Constable, 6s.) we have the ordinary methods of the Russian novelist applied to ancient and imperial Rome. The methods of Russian fiction are widely different from those prevalent in Western Europe. The ordinary novelist of Western Europe either writes mechanical stuff without an idea to inform it, or if perchance he lights on an idea, he fails to express it with convincing realism. In the one case his work wants spirit; in the other case it wants body. In the one case it is dead; in the other it was never near enough earth to be alive. In either case, it fails to come home to the bosoms and business of men who are concerned with actual and embodied life, not with dead matter on the one hand, or immaterial essence on the other. Now the work of a Russian novelist has always an idea running through it, like a principle of life, to give it meaning and intention. It is in his manner of presenting that idea that his methods are peculiar. His fiction never wants body. But in his desire to clothe the immaterial yet vital essence of his work with substance and reality, in his desire to get verisimilitude and truth to life, he describes a thousand trivial incidents of every day, which have no dramatic bearing on his subject. Even although there is idea in everything he writes, what he writes is often a mere accretion of incidents, rather than

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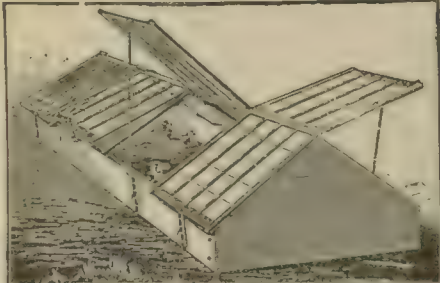
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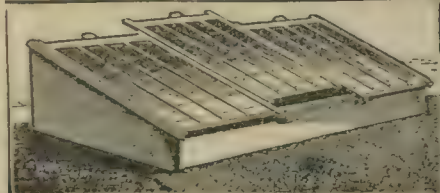
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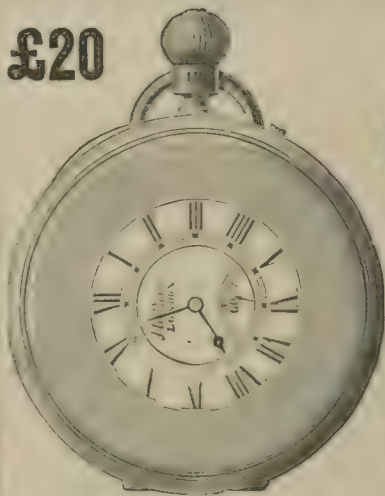
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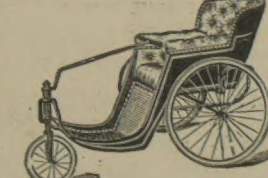
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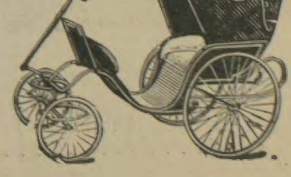
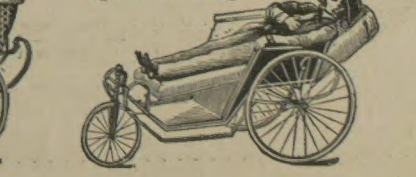
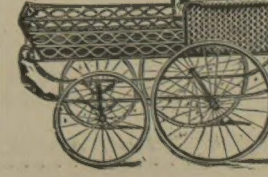
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a sequence of causes and effects. No doubt in his own spiritual intention these incidents are linked to his underlying idea, but they are not linked in dramatic operation; they are contrasts flung out to be apprehended by the reader's mind. Hence a great defect, and a great merit, in the majority of Russian novels. Their defect is the intrusion of irrelevant detail. Their merit is that, owing to the vividness of this detail, they often strike us as remarkably true. Time and again a Russian writes something which makes us exclaim, "That's exceedingly life-like. Dear me, I cut my chin exactly like that when I was shaving yesterday." A wondrous coincidence! But if the cutting of Alexis Alexovitch's chin has no bearing on his subsequent destiny, and yet is described with painful accuracy throughout a couple of pages, it merely leaves us with the thought that here is a prodigal

and meaningless waste of careful observation. The Russian novelist, then, too often forgets that high art is selective, and that it introduces nothing whatever that is not subsidiary to the main intention. The characteristic vices and virtues of the Russian method are seen in the novel which Merejkowski has woven round the person of Julian the Apostate. The vividness of his multitudinous petty detail is such that he bridges fifteen centuries by his realism, and makes us live in the times which he describes. On the other hand, his implicit idea—which is a great one—is often buried beneath a mass of unrelated phenomena which it only partially informs. The result is boredom to the reader. There is a splendid example of spiritual contrast, without relation to the mechanical plot, in the greatest tragedy of Shakespeare. But Merejkowski works the device to death. The

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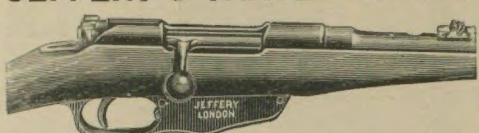
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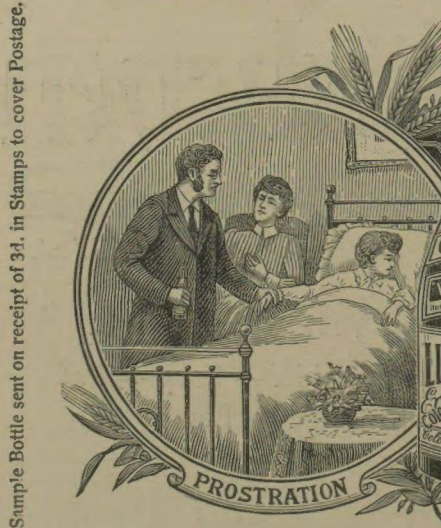
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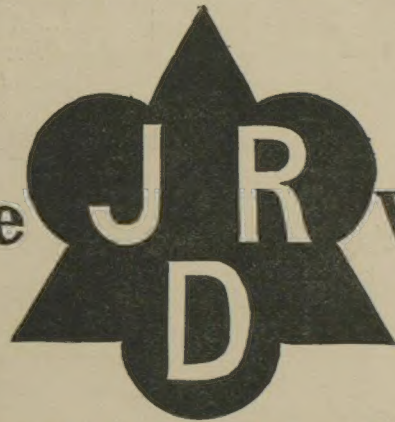
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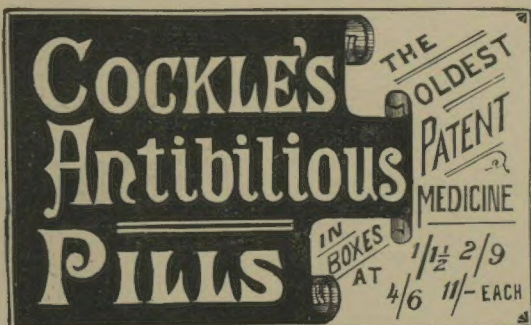
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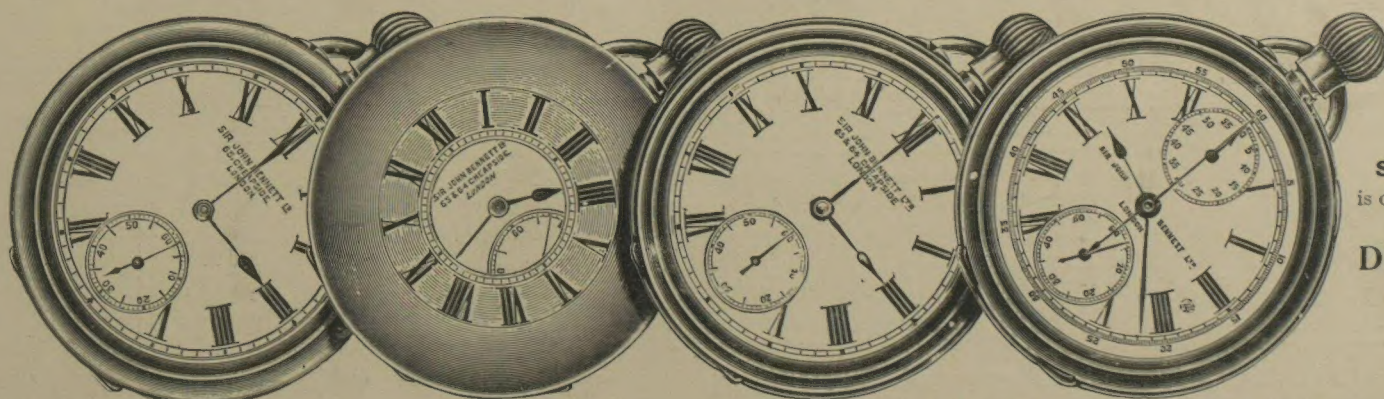
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